

THE
WORKS
of

WILL^m CONGREVE

VOL. III.

Dublin

1773

THOMAS EWING.

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TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

P R I N C E S S.

MADAM,

THAT high station, which by your birth you hold above the people, exacts from every one, as a duty, whatever honors they are capable of paying to your royal highness: but that more exalted place, to which your virtues have rais'd you above the rest of princes, makes the tribute of our admiration and praise, rather a choice more immediately preventing that duty.

The public gratitude is ever founded on a public benefit; and what is universally bless'd, is always an universal blessing. Thus from yourself we derive the offerings which we bring; and that incense, which arises to your name, only returns to its original, and but naturally requites the parent of its being.

From hence it is, that this poem, constituted on a moral, whose end is to recommend and to encourage virtue, of consequence has recourse to your royal highness's patronage; aspiring to cast itself beneath your feet, and declining approbation, till you shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it, as on a creature of your influence.

It is from the example of princes, that virtue becomes a fashion in the people, for even they, who are averse to instruction, will yet be fond of imitation.

But there are multitudes, who never can have means, nor opportunities of so near an access, as to partake of the benefit of such examples. And to these tragedy, which distinguishes itself from the vulgar poetry, by the dignity of its characters, may be of use and information. For they, who are at that distance from original greatness, as to be deprived of the happiness of contemplating the perfections and real excellencies of your royal highness's person in your court, may yet behold some small sketches and imagings of the virtues of your mind, abstracted and represented on the theatre.

VOL. III.

A

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Thus poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by precepts, which persuade; but also by examples, which illustrate. Thus is delight interwoven with instruction; when not only virtue is prescribed, but also represented.

But, if we are delighted with the liveliness of a feign'd representation of great and good persons, and their actions; how must we be charmed with beholding the persons themselves? If one or two excelling qualities, barely touched in the single action, and small compass of a play, can warm an audience, with a concern and regard, even for the seeming success and prosperity of the actor; with what zeal must the hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreasing happiness of those, who are the true and living instances of elevated and persisting virtue? Even the vicious themselves must have a secret veneration for those peculiar graces and endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in your royal highness; and, though repining, feel a pleasure, which, in spite of envy, they per-force approve.

If in this piece, humbly offer'd to your royal highness, there shall appear the resemblance of any of those many excellencies, which you so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit your least approbation, it has the end and accomplishment of its design. And, however imperfect it may be in the whole, through the inexperience or incapacity of the author; yet, if there is so much as to convince your royal highness, that a play may be with industry so dispos'd (in spite of the licentious practice of the modern theatre) as to become sometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the ambition, and recompense the endeavors of,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most obedient, and

Most humbly devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

THE
MOURNING BRIDE.

A 2

THE
MORNING
RIDER

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

THE time has been, when plays were not so plenty,
And a less number new would well content ye;
New plays did then, like almanacs appear;
And one was thought sufficient for a year:
Tho' they are more like almanacs of late;
For in one year, I think, they're out of date.
Nor were they without reason join'd together;
For just as one prognosticates the weather,
How plentiful the crop, or scarce the grain,
What peals of thunder, and what show'rs of rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain rules,
What crops of coxcombs, or what floods of fools.
In such like prophecies were poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own tribe fulfill'd:
The dearth of wit they did so long presage,
Is fall'n on us, and almost starves the stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor actors trash such empty sheaves of straw?
Toiling and lab'ring at their lungs expence,
To start a jest, or force a little sense.
Hard fate for us! still harder in th' event;
Our authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our charge, write worse;
'Twere some amends if they could reimburse:
But there's the devil, tho' their cause is lost,
There's no recov'ring damages or cost.

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P R O L O G U E.

Good wits, forgive this liberty we take,
Since custom gives the losers leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful wrath remains,
Take your revenge upon the coming scenes :
For that damn'd poet's spar'd, who damns a brother,
As one thief 'scapes, that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the wits relate ;
But from the rest we hope a better fate.
To please and move has been our poet's theme,
Art may direct, but nature is his aim ;
And, nature mis'd, in vain he boasts his art,
For only nature can affect the heart.
Then freely judge the scenes that shall ensue,
But as with freedom, judge with candor too.
He wou'd not lose thro' prejudice his cause ;
Nor wou'd obtain precariously applause.
Impartial censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just decrees, to stand or fall.

DR. W. H. P. STON

M. E. H.

MASTERS, THE NEW YORK
GOSWELL, THE NEW YORK
CARRIA, THE NEW YORK
VIRAL, THE NEW YORK
RECORD, THE NEW YORK
CITY, THE NEW YORK
HALL, THE NEW YORK
SALIS, THE NEW YORK

W. O. M. E. H.

ATTEST, THE NEW YORK
THE NEW YORK
THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

MANUEL, the king of GRANADA.

GONSALEZ, his favourite.

GARCIA, son to GONSALEZ.

PEREZ, captain of the guards.

ALONZO, an officer, creature to GONSALEZ.

OSMYN, a noble prisoner.

HELI, a prisoner, his friend.

SELIM, an Eunuch.

W O M E N.

ALMERIA, the princess of GRANADA.

ZARA, a captive queen.

LEONORA, chief attendant on the princess.

Women, Eunuchs and Mutes, attending ZARA, Guards, &c.

The SCENE, GRANADA.



THE MOURNING BRIDE.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Room of State.

The curtain rising slowly to soft music discovers Almeria in mourning, Leonora waiting in mourning.

After the music, Almeria rises from her chair, and comes forward.

ALMERIA.

MUSIC has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
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10 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees, or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
The silent tomb receiv'd the good old king;
He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable, bosom.
Why am I not at peace?

LEO. Dear madam, cease,
Or moderate your griefs; there is no cause——

ALM. No cause! Peace, peace; there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell——thou hast indeed no cause.

LEO. Believe me, madam, I lament Anselmo,
And always did compassionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:
And oft at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stol'n from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his gaoler slept, I thro' the grate
Have softly whisper'd, and inquir'd his health;
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance;
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

ALM. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature
That thus cou'd'st melt to see a stranger's wrongs.
O Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,
How wou'd thy heart have bled to see his suff'rings!
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

LEO. Love of my royal mistress gave me cause;
My love of you begot my grief for him;

For I had heard, that when the chance of war
Had blest'd Anselmo's arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his success; that then, in spite of hate,
Revenge, and that hereditary feud,
Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,
He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness cou'd invent;
Proposing by a match between Alphonso
His son, the brave Valentia prince, and you,
To end the long dissention, and unite
The jarring crowns.

ALM. Alphonso! O Alphonso!
Thou too art quiet——long hast been at peace——
Both, both——father and son are now no more.
Then why am I? O, when shall I have rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus——Is it of force?
Is there necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of heav'n,
That I should be afflicted thus?——If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid,
By some unseen hand, so, as of sure consequence
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair?

LEO. Alas! you search too far, and think too deeply.

ALM. Why was I carry'd to Anselmo's court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an enemy?
For so my father wou'd have us'd his child.

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For so my father wou'd have us'd his child.

O Alphonso, Alphonso!
 Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight;
 No time shall raise thee from my memory;
 No, I will live to be thy monument:
 The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb:
 But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
 Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
 My love, my lord, my husband still, tho' lost.

LEO. Husband! O heav'ns!

ALM. Alas! what have I said?

My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
 I wou'd have kept that secret; though I know
 Thy love and faith to me deserve all confidence;
 But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have
 Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
 Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,
 Which they unseen may wail, and weep and mourn,
 And, glutton-like, alone devour.

LEO. Indeed

I knew not this.

ALM. O no, thou know'st not half;
 Know'st nothing of my sorrows——If thou didst——
 If I shou'd tell thee, wou'd'st thou pity me?
 Tell me: I know thou wou'd'st, thou art compassionate.

LEO. Witness these tears——

ALM. I thank thee——Leonora,
 Indeed I do; for pitying thy sad mistress:
 For 'tis, alas, the poor prerogative
 Of greatness, to be wretched and unpity'd——
 But I did promise I wou'd tell thee——What?
 My miseries? Thou dost already know 'em:
 And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,

It was because thou didst not know Alphonso:
For, to have known my loss, thou must have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.

LEO. The memory of that brave prince stands fair
In all report——
And I have heard imperfectly his loss;
But, fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the story.

ALM. If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
Ev'n on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conqu'ring troops, high as the gates
Of king Anselmo's palace; which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good king, flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge——wou'd that I had fall'n
Amid those flames——but 'twas not so decreed.
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship
Ready to sail; and, when this news was brought,
We put to sea; but, being betray'd by some,
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken; when a sudden storm
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the coast
Of Africk: there our vessel struck the shore,
And, bulging against a rock, was dash'd in pieces.
But heav'n spar'd me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them, who follow'd us, to shun
The shoal, and save me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

LEO. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?

ALM. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd;
 For, when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,
 And saw her rate so far exceeding ours;
 He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
 I wou'd consent the priest shou'd make us one;
 That, whether death or victory ensu'd,
 I might be his; beyond the power of fate:
 The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;
 And, in one day, was wedded, and a widow.

LEO. Indeed 'twas mournful—

ALM. 'Twas—as I have told thee—
 For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
 Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,
 Or ever dry these swollen and wat'ry eyes,
 Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,
 While I have life and thought of my Alphonso.

LEO. Look down, good heav'n, with pity on her sorrows,
 And grant that time may bring her some relief.

ALM. O no! time gives encrease to my afflictions.
 The circling hours, that gather all the woes,
 Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
 Come heavy-laden with th' oppressing weight,
 To me; with me, successively, they leave
 The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
 And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight;
 They shake their downy wings, and scatter all
 The dire collected dews on my poor head;
 Then fly with joy and swiftness from me.

LEO. Hark! [Shouts at a distance.
 The distant shouts proclaim your father's triumph;
 O cease, for heav'n's sake, assuage a little
 This torrent of your grief; for, much I fear,

'Twill urge his wrath to see you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in ev'ry other face.

ALM. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine;
For with him Garcia comes——Garcia, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the vows,
I gave my dear Alphonso, basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die;
First, die ten thousand deaths——Look down, look down,
Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make; [kneels.

One moment, cease to gaze on perfect bliss,
And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me;
And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arriv'd,
Thro' all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright heav'n, where my Alphonso reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my vow,
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord; may then just heav'n show's down
Unheard-of curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry heav'n's vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd——and now [Rising.

My heart has some relief; having so well
Discharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

LEO. My heart, my life and will, are only yours.

ALM. I thank thee, 'tis but this; anon, when all
Are wrap'd and busy'd in the gen'ral joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

LEO. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution
Will drive you to some desperate step.

ALM. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence—I feel myself more light,
And more at large, since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly,
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought,
Upon my word no more.

LEO. I will attend you.

SCENE II.

Almeria, Leonora, Alonzo.

ALON. The lord Gonzalez, comes to tell your highness
The king is just arriv'd. [Exit Alon.

ALM. Conduct him in.

That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

SCENE III.

Gonzalez, Almeria, Leonora.

GONS. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this:
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequal'd lustre:
Your royal father, my victorious lord,

Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
 Is ent'ring now in martial pomp the palace.
 Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
 Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.
 Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,
 Succeed; and next a hundred neighing steeds,
 White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills;
 That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
 As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
 Pris'ners of war in shining fetters follow;
 And captains of the noblest blood of Africk
 Sweat by his chariot wheel, and lick and grind,
 With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise.
 The swarming populace spread every wall,
 And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
 Their hold, thro' clifted stones, stretching and staring,
 As if they were all eyes, and ev'ry limb
 Would feed it's faculty of admiration.
 While you alone retire, and shun this sight;
 This sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
 The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.

ALM. My lord, my eyes ungratefully behold
 The gilded trophies of exterior honors.
 Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding words,
 Or pompous phrase; the pageantry of souls:
 But, that my father is return'd in safety,
 I bend to heav'n with thanks.

GONS. Excellent prince! —
 But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age,
 With dying words, to offer at your praise.
 Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,

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Has better done; improving with his sword
The force and influence of your matchless charms.

ALM. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

LEO. Madam, the king. [Flourish.

ALM. My women. I wou'd meet him.

[Attendants to Almeria enter in mourning.

S C E N E V.

Symphony of warlike music. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several officers. Files of prisoners in chains, and guards, who are ranged in order round the stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels; afterwards Gonzalez kneels, and kisses the King's hand, while Garcia does the same to the princefs.

KING. Almeria, rise——My best Gonzalez, rise. What, tears! my good old friend.

GONS. But tears of joy.

Believe me, fit, to see you thus, has fill'd
My eyes with more delight than they can hold.

KING. By heav'n, thou lov'st me, and I am pleas'd thou
dost :

Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this occasion——some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!
Why is't, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

ALM. Forgive me, fir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to heav'n,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliv'rance,
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expir'd.

KING. Your zeal to heav'n is great, so is your debt :
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That life, which heav'n preserv'd. A day, bestow'd
In filial duty, had aton'd and giv'n
A dispensation to your vow——no more,
'Twas weak and wilful——and a woman's error.
Yet——upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo, was interr'd——by heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him : Just so,
Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date.
Not from that hour wherein thou wer't preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd Alphonso perish'd.
Ha ! what ? thou dost not weep to think of that ?

GONS. Have patience, royal fir, the princels weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliverance ; is she to blame ?

KING. I tell thee, she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth, such enmity,
Such detestation, bears my blood to his ;
My daughter should have revell'd at his death,
She should have made these palace walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn, and weep !
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve ? By heav'n,

There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony.

GONS. What she has done, was in excess of goodness!
Betray'd by too much piety, to seem
As if she had offended—Sure, no more.

KING. To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wo't not have a seeming sorrow seen
To-day—Retire, divest yourself with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow: for you,
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.

[Garcia kneeling.

GAR. Your pardon, sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

KING. Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.

ALM. My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, sir?

KING. Draw near, and give your hand; and, Garcia, yours:
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

GAR. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield myself for ever
The slave and creature of my royal mistress.

GONS. O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks—

KING. No more; my promise long since pass'd; thy
services,

And Garcia's well-try'd valor, all oblige me.
This day we triumph, but to-morrow's sun,
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials—

ALM. Oh!

[Faints.

GAR. She faints! Help to support her.

GONS. She recovers.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

22

KING. A fit of bridal fear. How is't, Almeria?

ALM. A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.
Your leave, sir, to retire.

KING. Garcia, conduct her.

[Garcia leads Almeria to the door, and returns.
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears.
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin, not to renounce that vow,
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would Alonzo?

SCENE V.

King, Gonfalez, Garcia, Alonzo, Attendants.

ALON. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arriv'd,
And with a train, as if she still were wife
To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquer'd.

KING. It is our will she shou'd be so attended.
Bear hence these prisoners. Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valor you relate such wonders?

[Prisoners led off.

GAR. Osmyb, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

KING. He's your pris'ner, as you please dispose him.

GAR. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;
And, with a haughty mein, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers. If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not command.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

KING. Such fullness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

GAR. My lord, she did.

KING. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

S C E N E VI.

King, Gonfalez, Garcia, Alonzo, Zara, and Osmyn bound,
conducted by Perez and a guard, and attended by Selim,
and several mutes and eunuchs, in a train.

KING. What welcome, and what honors, beauteous Zara,
A king and conqu'ror can give, are yours.
A conqu'ror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That, had our pomp been with your presence grac'd,
The expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
Their monarch enter, not triumphant, but
In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

ZARA. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honors,
Which conqu'rors in courtesy bestow,
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule,
And native right to arbitrary sway;
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train
With usual homage wait. But, when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself;
And scorn vile slav'ry, tho' doubly hid
Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled state.

KING. Those bonds ! 'twas my command you shou'd be free.
How durst you, Perez, disobey ?

PER. Great sir,
Your order was, ~~she~~ should not wait your triumph ;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.

KING. 'Tis false ; 'twas more ; I bid, ~~she~~ should be free :
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers
With speed——Yet stay——my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here——Thus I release you,
And, by releasing you, enslave myself.

ZARA. Such favors so conferr'd, tho' when unfought,
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one, hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

KING. Born to excel, and to command !
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by pre-eminence of soul
To rule all hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who, with contracted brow,
[Beholding Osmyn as they unbind him.
And sullen port, glooms downward with his eyes ;
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty ?

GAR. That, sir, is he of whom I spoke ; that's Osmyn.

KING. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man,
So great in arms as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war.

OSM. Because captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.

KING. I understand not that.

OSM. I would not have you.

ZARA. That gallant Moor, in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.

KING. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.

[To Gonzalez.

GONZ. That friend may be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply. She looks concern'd.

KING. I'll have inquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?

ZARA. Heli.

KING. Garcia, that search shall be your care:
It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
For, ling'ring there, in long suspense she stands,
Shifting the prize in unresolving hands,
Unus'd to wait, I broke thro' her delay,
Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful day.
Now, late I find, that war is but her sport;
In love the goddess keeps her awful court:
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 25

ACT II. SCENE I.

Representing the isle of a temple.

Garcia, Heli, Perez.

GAR. This way, we're told, Osmyn was seen to walk;
Chusing this lonely mansion of the dead,
To mourn, brave Heli, thy mistaken fate;

HELI. Let heav'n with thunder to the centre strike me,
If to arise in very deed from death,
And to re-visit with my long clos'd eyes
This living light, cou'd to my soul, or sense,
Afford a thought, or shew a glimpse of joy,
In least proportion to the vast delight
I feel, to hear of Osmyn's name; to hear

That Osmyn lives, and I again shall see him.

GAR. I've heard, with admiration, of your friendship.

PER. Yonder, my lord, behold the noble Moor.

HELI. Where? Where?

GAR. I saw him not, nor any like him.

PER. I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my view,
And striding with distemper'd haste; his eyes
Seem'd to flame, and flash'd upon me with a glance;
Then forward shot their fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some object frightful, yet not fear'd.

GAR. Let's haste to follow him, and know the cause.

HELI. My lord, let me entreat you to forbear :

Leave me alone, to find and cure the cause.

I know his melancholy, and such starts

Are usual to his temper. It might raise him

To act some violence upon himself,

So to be caught in an unguarded hour ;

And when his soul gives all her passions way,

Secure and loose in friendly solitude :

I know his noble heart wou'd burst with shame,

To be surpris'd by strangers in its frailty.

GAR. Go, gen'rous Heli, and relieve your friend.

Far be it from me, officiously to pry,

Or press upon the privacies of others.

SCENE II.

Garcia, Perez.

GAR. Perez, the king expects, from our return,

To have his jealousy confirm'd, or clear'd

Of that appearing love, which Zara bears

To Osmyr ; but some other opportunity

Must make that plain.

PER. To me 'twas long since plain,

And ev'ry look from him and her confirms it.

GAR. If so, unhappiness attends their love,

And I cou'd pity 'em : I hear some coming

The friends perhaps are met ; let us avoid 'em.

SCENE III.

Almeria, Leonora.

ALM. It was a fancy'd noise ; for all is hush'd.

LEO. It bore the accent of a human voice.

ALM. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted isle.

We'll listen——

LEO. Hark !

ALM. No, all is hush'd, and still as death——'Tis dreadful !
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice——my own affrights me with its echoes.

LEO. Let us return ; the horror of this place
And silence will encrease your melancholy.

ALM. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on ; shew me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mould'ring earth
Of human bodies ; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse

28 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits; and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown; lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul.
LRO. I go; but heav'n can tell with what regret.

SCENE IV.

The Scene opening, discovers a place of tombs: One monument fronting the view, greater than the rest.

HELI. I wander thro' this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him——Hark! sure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining——There it sounds——I'll follow it.

SCENE V.

Almeria, Leonora.

LRO. Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest;
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by time or worms,
What do I see? O heav'n! either my eyes
Are false, or still the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron gates, that lead to death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

ALM. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
 And that dumb mouth, significant in show,
 Invites me to the bed where I alone
 Shall rest; shews me the grave, where nature, weary,
 And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,
 May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
 Of peace eternal. Death, grim death, will fold
 Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
 To his cold clayey breast. My father then
 Will cease his tyranny; and Garcia too
 Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
 My soul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount
 And range the starry orbs and milky ways
 Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim
 In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
 To my Alphonso's soul. O joy, too great!
 O ecstasy of thought! Help me, Anselmo;
 Help me, Alphonso; take me, reach thy hand;
 To thee, to thee, I call, to thee Alphonso:
 O Alphonso!

SCENE VI.

Almeria, Leonora, Osmyn ascending from the tomb.

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing, that was Alphonso?

ALM. Angels, and all the host of heav'n, support me!

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness from the grave,
 And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
 Alphonso?

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ALM. Mercy! Providence! O speak,
 Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
 Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
 Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,
 And from my eyes.

OSM. Amazement and illusion!
 Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs,
 [Coming forward.

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.
 Let me not stir, nor breathe; lest I dissolve
 That tender, lovely form of painted air,
 So like Almeria. Ha! it sinks, it falls;
 I'll catch it e're it goes, and grasp her shade.
 'Tis life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she herself!
 Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive!
 It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife.

SCENE VII.

Almeria, Leonora, Osmyn, Heli.

LEO. Alas! she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
 He too is fainting—Help me, help me, stranger,
 Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise
 These bodies.

HELI. Ha! 'tis he! and with——Almeria!
 O miracle of happiness! O joy
 Unhop'd for! Does Almeria live!

OSM. Where is she?

Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
 'Tis she; shew me her face, and let me feel

Her lips with mine——'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
 I taste her breath, I warm'd her, and am warm'd.
 Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;
 Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

ALM. I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia; why d'y'e force me?
 Is this a father?——

OSM. Look on thy Alphonso.
 Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
 Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.
 Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
 Hast thou thy eyes, yet can'st not see Alphonso?
 Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
 That, seeing my disguise, thou see'st not me?

ALM. It is, it is Alphonso! 'Tis his face,
 His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
 O take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
 Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,
 To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
 O how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
 The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?
 That, thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
 To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

OSM. O I'll not ask, nor answer how; or why
 We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
 To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
 Is knowing more than any circumstance
 Or means by which I have thee——
 To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
 And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
 I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
 Or trifle time in thinking.

ALM. Stay a while.—

Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

OSM. What wou'd'st thou? Thou dost put me from thee.

ALM. Yes.

OSM. And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou gaze so?

ALM. I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think——

It is too much! too much to bear and live!

To see him thus again is such profusion

Of joy, of bliss——I cannot bear——I must

Be mad——I cannot be transported thus.

OSM. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav'n of love!

ALM. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

How is all this? All-powerful heav'n, what are we?

O my strain'd heart——let me again behold thee,

For I weep to see thee——Art thou not paler?

Much, much; how art thou chang'd!

OSM. Not in my love.

ALM. No, no; thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.

Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and, I fear,

Too much, too tenderly lamented me.

OSM. Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.

No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;

Affliction is no more, now thou art found.

Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,

My arms which ache to fold thee fast, and grow

To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart.

ALM. I will; for I should never look enough.

They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn

To heav'n and thee, and sooner would have dy'd——

OSM. Perfection of all faithfulness and love!

ALM. Indeed I would——Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,

If I cou'd speak ; how I have mourn'd and pray'd ;
For I have pray'd to thee, as to a saint :
And thou hast heard my pray'r ; for thou art come
To my distress, to my despair, which heav'n
Could only by restoring thee have cur'd.

OSM. Grant me but life, good heav'n, but length of days,
To pay some part, some little of this debt,
This countless sum of tenderness and love,
For which I stand engag'd to this all-excellence :
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarn'd ;
Then, then 'twill be enough—I shall be old,
I shall have liv'd beyond all *Æras* then
Of yet unmeasur'd time ; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,
Some recompence of love, and matchless truth.

ALM. 'Tis more than recompence to see thy face :
If heav'n is greater joy it is no happiness ;
For 'tis not to be borne—What shall I say ?
I have a thousand things to know, and ask,
And speak—That thou art here, beyond all hope,
All thought ; that all at once thou art before me,
And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,
Is such surprize, such mystery, such ecstasy !
It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise !

OSM. I did ; and thou, my love, didst call me ; thou.

ALM. True ; but how cam'st thou there ? Wert thou alone ?

OSM. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a distant voice
Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault,

In murmurs round my head. I rose and list'ned,
 And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso;
 I thought I saw thee too; but O, I thought not,
 That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——

ALM. But still, how cam'st thou hither? How thus?
 ——Ha!

What's he, who, like thyself, is started here
 Ere seen?

OSM. Where? ha! What do I see? Antonio?
 I'm fortunate indeed——My friend too safe!

HELI. Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

ALM. More miracles! Antonio too escap'd!

OSM. And twice escap'd, both from the rage of seas
 And war; for in the fight I saw him fall.

HELI. But fell unhurt, a prisoner as yourself,
 And as yourself made free; hither I came
 Impatiently to seek you, where I knew
 Your grief would lead you, to lament Anselmo.

OSM. There are no wonders, or else all is wonder.

HELI. I saw you on the ground, and rais'd you up:
 When, with astonishment, I saw Almeria.

OSM. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

ALM. Nor I; nor could I; for my eyes were yours.

OSM. What means the bounty of all-gracious heav'n,
 That persevering still, with open hand,
 It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy!
 Where will this end! but heav'n is infinite
 In all, and can continue to bestow,
 When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

LEO. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpse
 Of two in shining habits cross the isle;
 Who by their pointing seem to mark this place.

ALM. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

OSM. I wish, at least, our parting were a dream,
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

HELI. Zara with Selim, sir! I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick; for love will lend her wings.

ALM. What love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?

OSM. She's the reverse of thee; she's my unhappiness.
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace;
But gently take thyself away; lest she
Should come, and see the straining of my eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd Alphonso, now, but Osmyn;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——

ALM. Sure we shall meet again——

OSM. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.

SCENE VIII.

Osmyn, alone.

Yet I behold her——yet——and now no more,
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thought;
So shall you still behold her——'twill not be.
O impotence of sight! mechanic sense,
Which to exterior objects ow'st thy faculty,

Not seeing of election, but necessity.
 Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
 Successively, reflect succeeding images :
 Not what they would, but must ; a star, or toad :
 Just as the hand of chance administers.
 Not so the mind, whose undetermin'd view
 Revolves, and to the present adds the past :
 Effaying future to futurity ;
 But that in vain. I have Almeria here
 At once, as I before have seen her often——

S C E N E IX.

Zara, Selim, Osmyn.

ZARA. See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth,
 Stiff'ning in thought ; a statue among statues.
 Why, cruel Osmyn, dost thou fly me thus ?
 Is it well done ? Is this then the return
 For fame, for honor, and for empire lost ?
 But what is loss of honor, fame and empire ?
 Is this the recompence reserv'd for love ?
 Why dost thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
 To find this place of horror and obscurity ?
 Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,
 That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
 My love ? but to the grave I'll follow thee——
 He looks not, minds not, hears not ; barb'rous man,
 Am I neglected thus ? Am I despis'd ?
 Not heard ? Ungrateful Osmyn !

OSM. Ha, 'tis Zara !

ZARA. Yes, traitor; Zara, lost, abandon'd Zara,
Is a regardless suppliant, now, to Osmyn:
The slave, the wretch, that she redeem'd from death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.

OSM. Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me;
Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,
I saw you not, till now.

ZARA. Now then you see me——
But, with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

OSM. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn?
And only for his sorrows chose this solitude;
Look round; joy is not here, nor cheerfulness.
You have pursu'd misfortune to its dwelling,
Yet look for gaiety and gladness there.

ZARA. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou rack me thus?
And with perverseness, from the purpose, answer?
What is't to me, this house of misery?
What joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy griefs,
And give thee for 'em in exchange my love.

OSM. O that's the greatest grief—I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

ZARA. Thou hast a heart, though 'tis a savage one;
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first
Driv'n by the tide upon my country's coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee;
Compassion! scarce will't own that name, so soon,
So quickly was it love; for thou wert god-like

Ev'n then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
 And with it dry'd thy wat'ry cheeks ; then chaf'd
 Thy temples, 'till reviving blood arose,
 And, like the morn, vermilion'd o'er thy face.
 O heav'n ! how did my heart rejoice and ache,
 When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
 And felt the balm of thy respiring lips !

OSM. O call not to mind what you have done ;
 It sets a debt of that account before me,
 Which shews me poor and bankrupt, even in hopes.

ZARA. The faithful Selim, and my women know
 The dangers, which I tempted to conceal you.
 You know, how I abus'd the credulous king ;
 What arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
 When he receiv'd you, as the prince of Fez ;
 And, as my kinsman, honor'd and advanc'd you.
 O, why do I relate what I have done ?
 What did I not ? Was't not for you this war
 Commenc'd ? Not knowing who you were, nor why
 You hated Manuel, I urg'd my husband
 To this invasion ; where he late was lost,
 Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.
 Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery ;
 Think on my suff'rings first, then look on me ;
 Think on the cause of all, then view thyself :
 Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara ;
 The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive Zara ;
 And now abandon'd——Say, what then is Osmyn ?

OSM. A fatal wretch——a huge stupendous ruin,
 That, tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,
 And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

ZARA. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,
 If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin ;
 Ruin ! 'Tis still to reign, and to be more
 A queen ; for what are riches, empire, pow'r,
 But larger means to gratify the will ?
 The steps on which we tread, to rise, and reach
 Our wish ; and, that obtain'd, down with the scaffolding
 Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones ; they've serv'd their end,
 And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

OSM. Why was I made the instrument to throw
 In bonds the frame of this exalted mind ?

ZARA. We may be free ; the conqueror is mine ;
 In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
 And can unwind or strain him as I please.
 Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

OSM. In vain you offer, and in vain require,
 What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
 And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

ZARA. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

OSM. Alas ! you know me not.

ZARA. Not who thou art :

But what, this last ingratitude declares ;
 This groveling baseness——Thou say'st true, I know
 Thee not ; for what thou art yet wants a name :
 But something so unworthy, and so vile,
 That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
 Than all the malice of my other fate.
 Traitor, monster, cold and perfidious slave ;
 A slave, nor daring to be free ! nor dares
 To love above him ; for 'tis dangerous :
 'Tis that, I know ; for thou dost look with eyes,
 Sparkling desire, and trembling to possess.

I know my charms have reach'd thy very soul,
 And thrill'd thee through with darted fires: But thou
 Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The king!
 There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's thy rival!

SEL. Madam, the king is here, and ent'ring now.

ZARA. As I could wish; by heav'n, I'll be reveng'd.

SCENE X.

Zara, Osmyn, Selim, the King, Perez, and Attendants.

KING. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
 Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
 Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?
 Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
 What's he that dares be rival to the king?
 Or lift his eyes to like, where I adore?

ZARA. There, he; your prisoner, and that was my slave.

KING. How? better than my hopes! Does she accuse
 him?

[Aside.

ZARA. Am I become so low by my captivity,
 And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
 That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?
 And shall the wretch, whom yester' sun beheld
 Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
 Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
 And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

KING. Better for him to tempt the rage of heav'n,
 And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand
 Of him that thunders, than but think that insolence.
 'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the wheel

With that Ision, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.

[Guards seize Osmyn.]

ZARA. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former fate had merited much more:
And, through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large; thence sprung his insolence,
And, what was charity, he constru'd love.

KING. Enough; his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow
To one, where young delights attend; and joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
And spread like roses to the morning sun:
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life without love is load; and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Prison.

Osmyn, alone with a paper.

OSM. But now, I was clos'd within the tomb,
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was pris'ner, I am too imprison'd.

Sure 'tis the hand of heav'n that leads me thus,
 And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
 In a dark corner of my cell I found
 This paper, what it is this light will shew.
 "If my Alphonso"—Ha! [Reading.
 "If my Alphonso live, restore him, heav'n;
 "Give me more weight, crush my declining years
 "With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want:
 "But bless my son, visit not him for me."
 It is his hand; this was his pray'r—yet more:
 "Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots [Reading.
 "Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
 "Be doubled in thy mercies to my son:
 "Not for myself, but him; hear me, all gracious"—
 'Tis wanting what shou'd follow—Heav'n shou'd follow,
 But 'tis torn off—Why shou'd that word alone
 Be torn from his petition? 'Twas to heav'n,
 But heav'n was deaf, heav'n heard him not; but thus,
 Thus, as the name of heav'n from this is torn,
 So did it tear the ears of mercy from
 His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against him.
 If piety be thus debarr'd access
 On high, and of good men the very best
 Is singled out to bleed and bear the scourge,
 What is reward? or what is punishment?
 But who shall dare to tax eternal justice!
 Yet I may think—I may, I must; for thought
 Precedes the will to think, and error lives
 Ere reason can be born. Reason, the pow'r
 To guess at right and wrong; the twinkling lamp
 Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,
 Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining.

What noise! Who's there? My friend! How cam'st thou
hither?

SCENE II.

Ofmyn, Heli.

HELI. The time's too precious to be spent in telling;
The captain, influenc'd by Almeria's power,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

OSM. How does Almeria? But I know, she is,
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

HELI. You may; anon, at midnight when the king
Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retir'd,
(Who takes the privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a bridegroom's right) she'll come.

OSM. She'll come! 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? O heav'n!
To a vile prison, and a captiv'd wretch;
To one, whom had she never known, she had
Been happy: why, why was that heav'nly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what heav'n forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,
One, who has tir'd misfortune with pursuing?
One, driv'n about the world like blasted leaves
And chaff, the sport of adverse winds; till late
At length, imprison'd in some cleft of rock,
Or earth, it rests, and rots to silent dust.

HELI. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate;
I've learn'd there are disorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own use and avarice

Converts. This news has reach'd Valentia's frontiers;
Where many of your subjects, long oppress'd
With tyranny and grievous impositions,
Are risen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their rights and liberty.

OSM. By heav'n, thou'st rous'd me from my lethargy,
The spirit, which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood;
Deaf to revenge——nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing sighs and murmurs of my love,
Yet unenjoy'd; what not Almeria could
Revive, or raise, my people's voice has waken'd.
O my Antonio, I am all on fire,
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the foe, with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory; their shouts and clamors rend
My ears, and reach the heav'ns; where is the king?
Where is Alphonso? Ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the strings of life,
To break these chains. Off, off, ye stains of royalty,
Off, slavery. O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would soar and stoop at victory beneath.

HELI. Our posture of affairs, and scanty time,
My lord, require you should compose yourself,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be
The means of liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your escape. Mean time, I've thought already,
With speed and safety to convey myself,

Where not far off, some male-contents hold council
Nightly; who hate this tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

OSM. My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,
So do: I will with patience wait my fortune.

HELI. When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.

OSM. I hate her not, nor can dissemble love:
But, as I may, I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would shew thee, friend, but that the fight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition;
Within I found it, by my father's hand
'Twas writ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal love prevailing o'er his sorrows;
Such sanctity, such tenderness, so mix'd
With grief, as wou'd draw tears from inhumanity.

HELI. The care of providence sure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in store
For you those blessings, it withheld from him.
In that assurance live; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting will confirm.

OSM. Farewel,
My friend; the good thou dost deserve attend thee.

SCENE III.

Osmyn, alone.

I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety
The care of heav'n. Not so my father bore.

More anxious grief. This should have better taught me :
 This lesson, in some hour of inspiration,⁹³
 By him set down ; when his pure thoughts were borne,
 Like fumes of sacred incense, o'er the clouds,
 And wafted thence, on angels wings, thro' ways
 Of light, to the bright source of all. For, there,
 He in the book of prescience saw this day ;
 And, waking to the world and mortal sense,
 Left this example of his resignation,
 This his last legacy to me, which, here,
 I'll treasure, as more worth than diadems,
 Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

S C E N E IV.

Osmyn, Zara veil'd.

Osm. What brightness breaks upon me thus thro' shades,
 And promises a day to this dark dwelling ?
 Is it my love ?——

ZARA. O that thy heart had taught [Lifting up her veil.
 Thy tongue that saying.

Osm. Zara ! I am betray'd
 By my surprise.

ZARA. What, does my face displease thee ?
 That, having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
 Away, as from deformity and horror.
 If so, this sable curtain shall again
 Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
 And unseen. Is it my love ? Ask again

That question, speak again in that soft voice,
 And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
 O no, thou canst not; for thou seest me now,
 As she whose savage breast has been the cause
 Of these thy wrongs; as she, whose barb'rous rage
 Has loaden thee with chains and galling irons:
 Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falseness:
 Could one, who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd?
 No, no; it must be hatred, dire revenge,
 And detestation, that cou'd use thee thus.
 So thou dost think; then do but tell me so;
 Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
 Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
 This heart of flint, till it shall bleed; and thou
 Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries.

OSM. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
 I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
 As still to meditate revenge on all,
 Whom chance, or fate, working by secret causes,
 Has made per-force subservient to that end,
 The heav'nly pow'rs allot me; no, not you,
 But destiny and inauspicious stars
 Have cast me down to this low being: Or,
 Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

ZARA. Canst thou forgive me then? Wilt thou believe
 So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
 O, give that madness yet a milder name,
 And call it passion; then, be still more kind,
 And call that passion love.

OSM. Give it a name,
 Or being as you please, such I will think it.

ZARA. O thou dost wound me more with this thy goodness,
Than e'er thou could'st with bitterest reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

OSM. Yet I could with—

ZARA. Haste ere to know it: What?

OSM. That at this time I had not been this thing.

ZARA. What thing?

OSM. This slave.

ZARA. O heav'n! my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy laboring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

OSM. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

ZARA. Swift as occasion, I
Myself will fly; and, earlier than the morn,
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some news few minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the temper of the king—Who knows
What racking cares disease a monarch's bed?
Or love, that late at night still lights his lamp,
And strikes his rays thro' dusk and folded lids,
Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.

OSM. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, shou'd my secret purpose take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

ZARA. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But now,

THE MOURNING BEIDE.

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So does the form of your engagements cast,
Thou hast the wrong; till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy justice to return
My love. Adieu.

SCENE V.

Osmya alone.

This woman has a soul
Of God-like mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in spite of me, my best
Esteem; to this she's fair, few more can boast
Of personal charms, or with less vanity
Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings,
But she has passions, which out-strip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

SCENE VI.

Almeria, Osmya.

Osmy. My life; my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?

How run into thy arms, withheld by fetters;
 Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
 And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
 Shall I not hurt and bruise thy tender body,
 And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
 Rude irons! Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?

ALM. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
 Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet
 To part no more——now we will part no more;
 For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

OSM. Hard means to ratify that word!——O cruelty,
 That ever I should think beholding thee
 A torture!——yet, such is the bleeding anguish
 Of my heart, to see thy sufferings——O heav'n!
 That I could almost turn my eyes away,
 Or wish thee from my sight.

ALM. O! lay not so!
 Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me: Do not say
 On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
 No, no; 'tis better thus, that we together
 Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes
 With mutual appetite; and, mingling in
 One cup the common stream of both our eyes,
 Drink bitter draughts, with never-failing thirst.
 Thus better, than for any cause to part.

What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
 Upon me——Speak, and take me in thy arms——
 Thou canst not! thy poor arms are bound, and strive
 In vain with the remorseless chains, which gnaw
 And eat into thy flesh, fest'ring thy limbs
 With rankling rust.

OSM. Oh! O——

ALM. Give me that sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red and start;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

OSM. For this world's rule I would not wound thy breast
With such a dagger, as then stuck my heart.

ALM. Why? why? to know it, cannot wound me more,
Than knowing thou hast felt it: Tell it me——
Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness!

OSM. And thy excessive love distracts my sense!
O wou'd'st thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Grief cou'd not double thus his darts against me.

ALM. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my heart,
If there he shoot not ev'ry other shaft;
Thy second self shou'd fell each other wound,
And woe shou'd be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife——

OSM. O thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves! engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.

ALM. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy torment,
Kill me, then kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me; what, am I the bosom snake,
That sucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart?
O that thy words had force to break those bonds,
As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder!
So shou'd'st thou be at large from all oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?

OSM. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

ALM. Didst thou not say that racks and wheels were balm,
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?

OSM. No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest pains, that hell,
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my wife—nay, thou art yet my bride,
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd; his mysterious rites
Delay'd; nor has our hymeneal torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice;
But, dash'd with rain from eyes, and swail'd with sighs,
Burns dim and glimmers with expiring light.
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such off'rings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes;
Is this our marriage-bed? Are these our joys!
Is this to call thee mine? O hold, my heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest ecstasy.
But O! thou art not mine, not ev'n in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

ALM. No; not that
Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder:

That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, our mutual ruin.

OSM. O thou dost talk, my love, as one resolv'd,
Because not knowing danger. But, look forward;
Think on to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms;
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush
To follow thee, my separating soul.
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia;
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair:
Break on the flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gasp'd hands to scratch a grave:
Stripping my nails to tear this pavement up,
And bury me alive.

ALM. Heart-breaking horror!

OSM. Then Garcia shall lye panting on thy bosom,
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms;
And thou per-force must yield, and aid his transport,
Hell! hell! have I not cause to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
Are they not soothing softness, sinking ease,
And wafting air to this? O, my Almeria!
What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,
But, knowing heav'n, to know it lost for ever?

ALM. O, I am struck; thy words are bolts of ice,
Which, shot into my breast, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling fears.

No, hold me not—O, let us not support,
 But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
 Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift out eyes,
 But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
 With rivers of incessant scalding rain.

S C E N E VII.

ZARA, Perez, Selym, Osmyn, Almeria.

ZARA. Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom.
 Dare you dispute the king's command? Behold
 The royal signet.

PER. I obey; yet beg
 Your majesty one moment to defer
 Your ent'ring, 'till the princess is return'd
 From visiting the noble prisoner.

ZARA. Ha!
 What say'st thou?

OSM. We are lost! undone! discover'd!
 Retire, my life, with speed—alas, we're seen:
 Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak
 Of interceding for me with the king;
 Say somewhat quickly to conceal our loves
 If possible——

ALM.—I cannot speak.

OSM. Let me
 Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
 But till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

ZARA. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
 Confusion in his face, and grief in hers!

'Tis plain, I've been abus'd—Death and destruction!
 How shall I search into this mystery?
 The bluest blast of pestilential air
 Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes;
 Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

OSM. This charity to one unknown; and thus
 [Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.
 Distress'd, heav'n will repay; all thanks are poor,

S C E N E VIII.

Zara, Selim, Osmyn.

ZARA. Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! yet I will be calm,
 Choak in my rage, and know the utmost depth
 Of this deceiver—You seem much surpriz'd.

OSM. At your return so soon and unexpected!

ZARA. And so unwish'd, unwanted too, it seems.
 Confusion! yet I will contain myself.

You're grown a favorite since last we parted;
 Perhaps I'm sawcy and intruding—

OSM.——Madam!

ZARA. I did not know the princess' favorite;
 Your pardon, sir,—mistake me not; you think
 I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
 You free; but shall return much better pleas'd,
 To find you have an interest superior.

OSM. You do not come to mock my miseries?

ZARA. I do.

OSM. I could at this time spare your mirth.

ZARA. I know thou could'st; but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What miseries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the care of weeping majesty?
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forsake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of rest.

O curse! I cannot hold——

OSM. Come, 'tis too much.

ZARA. Villain!

OSM. How, madam!

ZARA. Thou shalt die.

OSM. I thank you.

ZARA. Thou ly'st; for now I know for whom thou'd'st live.

OSM. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

ZARA. Hell! hell!

Yet I'll be calm——Dark and unknown betrayer!

But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand

Of fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave

Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.

OSM. You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r.

ZARA. Who waits there? As you'll answer it, look, this
slave

[To the guard.

Attempt no means to make himself away.

I've been deceiv'd. The public safety now

Requires he shou'd be more confin'd, and none,

No, not the princess, suffer'd or to see,

Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the king.

Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent

The base injustice thou hast done my love:

Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,

And all those ills, which thou so long hast mourn'd;
 Heav'n has no rage, like love to hatred turn'd,
 Nor hell a fury, like a woman scorn'd. }

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of state.

Zara, Selim.

ZARA. Thou hast already rack'd me with thy stay;
 Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
 Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

SEL. Your accusation highly has incens'd
 The king, and were alone enough to urge
 The fate of Osmyn! but to that, fresh news
 Is since arriv'd, of more revolted troops.

'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
 (Which breeds amazement and distraction) some,
 Who bore high offices of weight and trust,
 Both in the state and army. This confirms
 The king in full belief of all you told him,
 Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence
 With them, who first began the mutiny.
 Wherefore a warrant for his death is sign'd,
 And order given for public execution.

ZARA. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
 Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
 More than his crown t'impart e're Osmyn die.

SEL. It needs not; for the king will straight be here;
And as to your revenge, not his own interest,
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

ZARA. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a woman, and a lover still.

O! 'tis more grief but to suppose his death,
Than still to meet the rigor of his scorn.

From my despair my anger had its source;
When he is dead, I must despair for ever.

For ever! that's despair—it was distrust
Before; distrust will ever be in love,

And anger in distrust, both short-liv'd pains:

But in despair, and ever-during death,

No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.

O torment, but to think! what then to bear?

Not to be borne—devise the means to shun it,

Quick; or, by heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

SEL. My life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

ZARA. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.

But say, what's to be done? or when, or how

Shall I prevent, or stop th' approaching danger?

SEL. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd

On Osmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy,

Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise,

That execution may be done in private.

ZARA. On what pretence?

SEL. Your own request's enough.

However, for a color, tell him, you

Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,

And some of them bought off to Osmyn's int'rest,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an escape.
The state of things will countenance all suspicions.
Then offer to the king to have him strangled
In secret by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant—and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

SCENE II.

King, Gonfalez, Perez, Zara, Selim.

KING. Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves,
Th' ignoble curs, that yelp to fill the cry,
And spend their mouths in barking tyranny.
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be led away to present death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

GONS. Might I presume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
'Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conspiracy.

KING. Then be it so.
Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.
Are none return'd of those who follow'd Heli?

GONS. None, sir. Some papers have been since discover'd
In Roderigo's house, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if Alphonso
Were still alive, and arming in Valentia;

Which wears indeed this color of a truth,
 They, who are fled, have that way bent their course.
 Of the same nature divers notes have been
 Dispers'd, t' amuse the people; whereupon
 Some, ready of belief, have rais'd this rumor:
 That, being sav'd upon the coast of Africk,
 He there disclos'd himself to Albucacim,
 And, by a secret compact made with him,
 Open'd and urg'd the way to this invasion;
 While he himself, returning to Valentia
 In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

ZARA. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn then Alphonso!
 O heav'n! a thousand things occur at once
 To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
 O certain death for him, as sure despair
 For me, if it be known——If not, what hope
 Have I? yet 'twere the lowest baseness, now,
 To yield him up——No, I will still conceal him,
 And try the force of yet more obligations.

GONS. 'Tis not impossible. Yet, it may be,
 That some impostor has usurp'd his name.
 Your beauteous captive, Zara, can inform,
 If such a one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd,
 At any time, in Albucacim's court.

KING. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
 An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,
 Has thrust between us, and our while of love;
 But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,
 Will quickly waste, and give again the day.

ZARA. You're too secure: the danger is more imminent
 Than your high courage suffers you to see,
 While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.

KING. His doom
Is pass'd; If you revoke it not, he dies.

ZARA. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns

You more. One, who did call himself Alphonso,
Was upon my coast, as is reported,

And oft had private conference with the king;

To what effect I knew not then. But he,

Alphonso, secretly departed, just

About the time our arms embark'd for Spain:

What I know more is, that a triple league

Of strictest friendship was profess'd between

Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.

KING. Public report is ratify'd in this.

ZARA. And Osmyn's death requir'd of strong necessity.

KING. Give order straight that all the pris'ners die.

ZARA. Forbear a moment; somewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.

KING. Let all, except Gonzalez, leave the room.

S C E N E III.

King, Gonzalez, Zara, Selim.

ZARA. I am your captive, and you've used me nobly;

And, in return of that, tho' otherwise

Your enemy, I have discover'd Osmyn;

His private practice and conspiracy

Against your state: And, fully to discharge

Myself of what I've undertaken, now

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I think it fit to tell you, that your guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.

KING. Is treason-then so near us as our guards!

ZARA. Most certain; tho' my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.

KING. What's to be done?

ZARA. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my train some mutes,
A present once from the Sultana queen,
In the Grand Signior's court. These, from their infancy,
Are practis'd in the trade of death; and shall
(As there the custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

GONS. My lord, the queen advises well.

KING. What off'ring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great services?
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've sav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

ZARA. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict charge, that none may be admitted
To see the pris'ner, but such mutes as I
Shall send.

KING. Who waits there?

S C E N E IV.

King, Gonsalez, Zara, Selim, Perez.

KING. On your life take heed,
That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.

ZARA. They, and no other, not the princess self,

PEREZ. Your majesty shall be obey'd.

KING. Retire.

SCENE V.

King, Gonzalez, Zara, Selim.

GONS. That interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with vehemence against the princess,
Shou'd have more meaning than appears barefac'd,
The king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not——Your majesty sure might have spar'd
That last restraint; you hardly can suspect
The princess is confederate with the Moor.

ZARA. I've heard, her charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his request.

GONS. Ha!

KING. How? she visit Osmyn? what? my daughter?

SEL. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.

ZARA. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf——

KING. Never. You have been misinform'd.

ZARA. Indeed! then 'twas a whisper spread by some,
Who wish'd it so; a common art in courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.

SCENE VI.

King, Gonsalez.

GONS. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree;
I like it not.

KING. What dost thou think, Gonsalez?
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

GONS. I am a little slow of credit, sir,
In the sincerity of women's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her so?
I'th' evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the royal signet to release him;
I'th' morning he must die again; ere noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him; or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

KING. Yet, that there's truth in what she hath discover'd,
Is manifest from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the lords, who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation—That Alphonso lives,
Agrees expressly too with her report.

GONS. I grant it, sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealousy, she has discover'd what

She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
 But why that needless caution of the princess?
 What if she had seen Osmyn? tho' 'twere strange.
 But if she had, what was't to her? unless
 She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the Moor's?
 Affection to revolt.

KING. I thank thee, friend.

There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.
 But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor?

GONS. If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,
 Alphonso's friend; 'tis not impossible,
 But she might wish on his account to see him.

KING. Say'st thou? By heaven thou hast rous'd a thought,
 That like a sudden earthquake shakes my frame.
 Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
 And plots in private with this hellish Moor.

GONS. That were too hard a thought—but see, she comes.
 'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
 And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
 If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
 For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend.
 Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

SCENE VII.

King, Gonzalez, Almeria, Leonora.

KING. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
 I had determin'd to have sent for you.
 Let your attendant be dismiss'd; I have [Leonora retires.]

To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?
 What mean those swoln and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
 As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
 In waking anguish? Why this on the day,
 Which was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials?
 But that the beams of light are to be stain'd
 With reeking gore, from traitors on the rack.
 Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites,
 Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day
 Profane that jubilee.

ALM. All days to me
 Henceforth are equal; this the day of death,
 To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
 Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
 One bated line of more extended woe.

KING. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the cause,
 And look thou answer me with truth; for know,
 I am not unacquainted with thy falshood.
 Why art thou mute? base and degenerate maid!

GONS. Dear madam, speak, or you'll incense the king.

ALM. What is't to speak? or wherefore shou'd I speak?
 What mean these tears, but grief unutterable?

KING. They are the dumb confessions of thy mind;
 They mean thy guilt; and say thou wert confed'rate
 With damn'd conspirators to take my life.
 O impious parricide! now, canst thou speak?

ALM. O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy bosom,
 And bend my flowing eyes, to stream upon
 Thy face, imploring thee, that thou wilt yield;
 Open thy bowels of compassion, take
 Into thy womb the last and most forlorn
 Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent;

—I have no parent else—be thou a mother,
And step between me and the curse of him,
Who was—who was, but is no more a father;
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes;
And, for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.

KING. Rise, I command thee rise—and, if thou wou'd'st
Acquit thyself of those detested names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

ALM. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purposes. So heav'n's
My witness.

KING. Vile equivocating wretch!
With innocence? O patience! hear—she owns it!
Confesses it! By heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, slay'd, impal'd.—All pains and tortures,
That wit of man, and dire revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

ALM. Oh! I am lost—there fate begins to wound.

KING. Hear me; then, if thou canst, reply; know,
 traitress,
I'm not to learn that curs'd Alphonso lives;
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is.—

ALM. Then all is ended, and we both must die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, heav'n knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword,
And cleaves my heart; I wou'd have born it all,

Nay, all the pains that are prepar'd for thee;
 To the remorseless rack I wou'd have giv'n
 This weak and tender flesh, to have been bruis'd
 And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy being.

KING. Hell, hell! do I hear this, and yet endure?
 What, dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt?
 Hence, ere I curse——fly my just rage with speed;
 Left I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

ALM. And yet a father! think I am your child.
 Turn not your eyes away——look on me kneeling;
 Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
 Did ever father curse his kneeling child?
 Never; for always blessings crown that posture.
 Nature inclines, and half-way meets that duty,
 Stooping to raise from earth the filial reverence;
 For bended knees returning folding arms,
 With pray'rs, and blessings, and paternal love.
 O hear me then, thus crawling on the earth——

KING. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
 The light impresson thou hast made remains.

ALM. No, never will I rise, nor loose this hold,
 'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

KING. Ha! who may live? Take heed, no more of that;
 For, on my soul, he dies, tho' thou, and I,
 And all shou'd follow to partake his doom.
 Away, off, let me go——Call her attendants.

[Leonora and women return.

ALM. Drag me, harrow the earth with my bare bosom,
 I'll not let go, till you have spar'd my husband.

KING. Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband!
 Damnation!

What husband! which? who?

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 69

ALM. He, he is my husband.

KING. Poison and daggers ! Who ?

ALM. O——— [Faints.]

GONS. Help, support her.

ALM. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death ; I will ;
I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten bones,
And cloath their nakedness with my own flesh ;
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change :
I will be death ; then, tho' you kill my husband,
He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

KING. What husband ? who ? whom dost thou mean ?

GONS. She raves !

ALM. O that I did. Osmyn, he is my husband.

KING. Osmyn !

ALM. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso is my dear
And wedded husband—Heav'n, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.

KING. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave,
Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy madness,
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word :
And look that she attempt not on her life.

S C E N E VIII.

Almeria, Gonfalez, Leonora, Attendants.

ALM. O stay, yet stay ; hear me, I am not mad,
I wou'd to heav'n I were——He's gone.

GONS. Have comfort.

ALM. Curs'd be that tongue, that bids me be of comfort;
Curs'd my own tongue, that could not move his pity;
Curs'd these weak hands, that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

GONS. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's power.

ALM. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd flatterer;
Source of my woes: Thou and thy race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who cou'd'st alone have policy
And fraud to find the fatal secret out,
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso.

GONS. Ha!

ALM. Why dost thou start? What dost thou see or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And gaffly head glares by, all smear'd with blood,
Gasping as it would speak; and after, see!
Behold a damp, dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ha!
My father's voice! hollow it sounds and calls
Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.

SCENE IX.

Gonsalez alone.

She's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn Alphonso! No; she over-rates

My policy : I ne'er suspected it :
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake,
Her husband too ! Ha ! where is Garcia then ?
And where the crown that shou'd descend on him,
To grace the line of my posterity ?
Hold, let me think——if I shou'd tell the king——
Things come to this extremity ; his daughter
Wedded already——What if he shou'd yield ?
Knowing no remedy for what is past ;
And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race ; yet if——that if concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free ? Ay, now 'tis plain ; O well
Invented tale ! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king,
If I delay——'twill do——or better so.
One to my wish. Alonzo, thou art welcome.

SCENE X.

Gonsalez, Alonzo.

ALON. The king expects your lordship.

GONS. 'Tis no matter.

I'm not I' th' way at present, good Alonzo.

ALON. If't please your lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.

GONS. Do, my best Alonzo,
 Yet stay, I would—but go; anon will serve—
 Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.
 I think thou wou'd'st not stop to do me service.

ALON. I am your creature.

GONS. Say, thou art my friend.
 I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

ALON. All that it can your lordship shall command.

GONS. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word, thou'st seen,
 Among the followers of the captive queen,
 Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs.

ALON. I have, my lord.

GONS. Cou'd'st thou procure, with speed,
 And privacy, the wearing garb of one
 Of those, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give
 Thee such reward, as shou'd exceed thy wish.

ALON. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your lordship?

GONS. At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;
 And say I've not been seen—Haste, good Alonzo.
 So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,
 The greatest obstacle is then remov'd.
 Almeria, widow'd, yet again may wed;
 And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

King, Perez, Alonzo.

KING. Not to be found? in an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you, none? what, not the fav'rite eunuch?
Nor she herself, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet requir'd admittance?

PER. None, my lord.

KING. Is Osmyn so dispos'd as I commanded?

PER. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length
He lies supine on earth; with as much ease
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

KING. 'Tis well.

[A mute appears, and, seeing the king, retires.
Ha! stop and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow him,
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[Alonzo follows him, and returns with a paper.

ALON. A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

KING. What dost thou mean?

ALON. Soon as I seiz'd the man,
He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove
With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram

The morsel down his throat. I catch'd his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew his poinyard from his side,
And on the instant plung'd it in his breast.

KING. Remove the body thence ere Zara see it.

ALON. I'll be so bold to borrow his attire.

'Twill quit me of my promise to Gonzalez.

SCENE II.

King, Perez.

PER. Whate'er it is, the king's complexion turns.

KING. How's this? my mortal foe beneath my roof!

[Having read the letter.

O, give me patience, all ye powers! No, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury——Ha! who's there?

PER. My lord.

KING. Hence, slave! How dar'st thou 'bide, to watch
and pry

Into how poor a thing a king descends;
How like thyself, when passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy life; for thou wert fix'd
And planted here to see me gorge this bait,
And lash against the hook——By heav'n, you're all
Rank traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso, knew'st
My daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the spy and pandar to their meeting.

PER. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd——

KING. Thou ly'st.

Thou art accomplice too with Zara; here,
Where she sets down—"Still will I set thee free"—[Reading.
That somewhere is repeated—"I have power
"O'er them, that are thy guards"—Mark that, thou traitor.

PER. It was your majesty's command, I should
Obey her order——

KING. [Reading,]—"And still will I set
"Thee free, Alphonso"—Hell! curs'd, curs'd Alphonso!
False and perfidious Zara! strumpet daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble boy, fond love,
All nature, softness, pity and compassion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breast, revenge and gall.
By heav'n, I'll meet, and counter-work this treach'ry.
Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave.

PER. My service has not merited those titles.

KING. Dar'st thou reply? Take that—Thy service? thine?
[strikes him.

What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moment's ease? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head.
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart.
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or——

PER.——Sir, I will.

KING. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.

[Perex going.
——Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment.
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell, where she'll expect to see him,

Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.
 I'll be conducted thither—Mark me well—
 There with his turbant, and his robe array'd,
 And laid along as he now lies supine,
 I shall convict her to her face of falshood.
 When, for Alphonso's, she shall take my hand,
 And breath her sighs upon my lips, for his,
 Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her guilt.
 But see, she comes; I'll shun th' encounter; thou
 Follow me; give heed to my direction.

S C E N E III.

Zara, Selim.

ZARA. The mute not yet return'd! Ha, 'twas the king!
 The king that parted hence! Frowning he went;
 His eyes like meteors roll'd; then darted down
 Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
 Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
 And kindle ruin in its course. Dost think
 He saw me?

SEL. Yes: But then, as if he thought
 His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
 Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

ZARA. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.
 Thy shallow artifice begets suspicion,
 And, like a cobweb-veil, but thinly shades
 The face of thy design; alone disguising
 What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect mischief!
 Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,

Hast stung the traveller; and after hear'st
 Not his pursuing voice; ev'n where thou think'st
 To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
 Confess, and point the path which thou hast crept.
 O fate of fools! officious in contriving;
 In executing puzzled, lame, and lost.

SEL. Avert it, that you should ever suffer
 For my defect: Or that the means, which I
 Devis'd to serve, should ruin your design.
 Prescience is heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.
 If I have fail'd in what, as being man,
 I needs must fail, impute not as a crime
 My nature's want, but punish nature in me:
 I plead not for a pardon and to live,
 But to be punish'd and forgiv'n. Here, strike;
 I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

ZARA. I have not leisure now to take so poor
 A forfeit as thy life; somewhat of high
 And more important fate requires my thought.
 When I've concluded on myself, if I
 Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die.
 Regard me well; and dare not to reply
 To what I give in charge; for I'm resolv'd.
 Give order, that the two remaining mutes
 Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
 Of such ingredients mix'd as will with speed
 Benumb the living faculties, and give
 Most easy and inevitable death.

Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
 I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
 Such liberty, as I embrace myself,

Thou shalt partake. Since fate no more affords;
I can but die with thee to keep my word.

SCENE IV.

SCENE opening shows the prison.

Gonsalez alone, disguis'd like a mute, with a dagger.

Gons. Nor sentinel, nor guard! the doors unbarr'd!
And all as still, as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.
There lies my way, that door too is unlock'd. [Looks in.
Ha! sure he sleeps——all's dark within, save what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,
By fits reveals——his face seems turn'd, to favor
Th' attempt: I'll steal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What noise! somebody coming? is't Alonzo?
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without——I would
'Twere done——I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart!
Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[Does in.

SCENE V.

Garcia, Alonzo.

GAR. Where? where, Alonzo? where's my father?
Where
The king? Confusion! all is on the rout!

All's lost, all ruin'd by surprise and treach'ry.

Where, where is he? Why dost thou thus mislead me?

ALON. My lord, he enter'd but a moment since,

And cou'd not pass me unperceived—What, ho!

My lord, my lord, what, ho! my lord Gonzales!

SCENE VI.

Garcia, Alonzo, Gonzales bloody.

GON. Perdition choke your clamors—whence this rudeness?

Garcia!

GAR. Perdition, slavery, and death,
Are ent'ring now our doors, where is the king?
What means this blood? and why this face of horror?

GONS. No matter—Give me first to know the cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd exclamations.

GAR. The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of slain that choke the passages,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em to the palace walls, unless
The king in person animate our men.
Granada's lost; and, to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are thro' a postern fled, and join the foe.

GONS. Wou'd all were false as that; for whom you call
The Moor is dead. That Osmyn was Alphonso;
In whose heart's blood this ponyard yet is warm.

GAR. Impossible; for Osmyn was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

GONS. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your easy faith.

[Garcia goes in.]

ALON. My lord, for certain truth Perez is fled;
And has declar'd the cause of his revolt,
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n him.

GAR. Ruin and horror! O heart-wounding fight!

[Returning.]

GONS. What says my son? what ruin? ha? what horror?

GAR. Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This deed——O dire mistake! O fatal blow!
The king.——

GONS. ALON. The king!

GAR. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in blood,
See, see, attir'd like Osmyrn, where he lies. [They look in.
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner or the cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our swords against
Ourselves, and expiate with our own his blood.

GONS. O wretch! O curs'd, and rash, deluded fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging sword.
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,
Shou'd make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

GAR. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.
The earth already groans to bear this deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face
With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!

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Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
And bathe it to the hilt in far less damnable
Self-murder.

GONS. O my son! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondness these ills arose;
For thee I've been ambitious, base and bloody:-
For thee I've plung'd into this sea of sin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the crown (to wreath thy brow)
Whose weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the shore.

GAR. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd; [Shout:
The shrillness of that shout speaks 'em at hand.
We have no time to search into the cause
Of this surprizing and most fatal error,
What's to be done? The king's death known will strike
The few remaining soldiers with despair,
And make 'em yield to the mercy of the conqueror.

ALON. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body;
Require me not to tell the means, till done;
Left you forbid what then you may approve.

[Goes in. Shout.

GONS. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amus'd with hopes;
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.

GAR. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no care, nor haste; to try,
Or to repel their force, or bravely die.

SCENE VII.

Gonzalez, Alonzo.

GONS. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

ALON. Such a deed

As but an hour ago I'd not have done,

Tho' for the crown of universal empire.

But what are kings reduc'd to common clay?

Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body

Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner

Dispos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,

Leaving to view of them that enter next,

Alone the undistinguishable trunk,

Which may be still mistaken by the guards

For Osmyn, if, in seeking for the king,

They chance to find it.

GONS. 'Twas an act of horror;

And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.

But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.

Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,

To aid my son. I'll follow with the last

Reserve, to reinforce his arms; at least,

I shall make good, and shelter his retreat.

SCENE VIII.

Zara, followed by Selim, and two mutes bearing the bowls.

ZARA. Silence and solitude are ev'ry where;

Thro' all the gloomy ways and iron doors

That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
 Is seen or heard, A dreadful din was wont
 To grate the sense, when enter'd here; from groans
 And howls of slaves condemn'd, from clink of chains,
 And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges:
 And ever and anon the fight was dash'd
 With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
 Of grim and ghastly executioners.
 Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,
 Than did that scene of complicated horrors.
 It may be, that the cause of this my errand,
 And purpose, being chang'd from life to death,
 Has also wrought this chilling change of temper.
 Or does my heart bode more? What can it more
 Than death? —

Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso
 That I am here—so. You return, and find [Mutes going in.
 The king; tell him, what he requir'd I've done,
 And wait his coming to approve the deed.

S C E N E IX.

Zara, and Mutes.

ZARA. What have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you
 thus [The mutes return and look affrighted.
 With haggard eyes? Why are your arms a-crofs?
 Your heavy and desponding heads hung down?
 Why is't you more than speak in these sad signs?

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Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

[They go to the scene, which opening, she perceives the body.]

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O——I'm lost.

O Osmyn! O Alphonso! cruel fate!

Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!

I came prepar'd to die, and see thee die——

Nay, came prepar'd myself to give thee death——

But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn——

O this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous king!

S C E N E X.

Zara, Selim.

SEL. I've fought in vain, for no where can the king
Be found——

ZARA. Get thee to hell, and seek him there. [Stabs him.
His hellish rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

SEL. You thought it better then——but I'm rewarded.
The mute, you sent, by some mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your letter with his life :
I found the dead and bloody body tripp'd——
My tongue falters, and my voice fails——I sink——
Drink not the poison——for Alphonso is—— [Dies.

ZARA. As thou art now——and I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height;

Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
 A martyr and a victim to my vows :
 Insensible of this last proof he's gone.
 Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
 Of sense : His soul still sees, and knows each purpose,
 And fix'd event of my persisting faith.
 Then, wherefore do I pause?—Give me the bowl.

[A mute kneels and gives one of the bowls.]

Hover a moment yet, thou gentle spirit,
 Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
 This to our mutual bliss when join'd above. [Drinks.]
 O friendly draught, already in my heart.
 Cold, cold ; my veins are icicles and frost.
 I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there ;
 Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,
 And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides :
 Still further from me ; look, he hides his face,
 I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach.
 O now he's gone, and all is dark. [Dies.]

[The mutes kneel and mourn over her.]

SCENE XI.

Almeria, Leonora, Mutes, &c.

ALM. O let me seek him in this horrid cell ;
 For in the tomb, or prison, I alone
 Must hope to find him.

LEO. Heav'ns ! what dismal scene
 Of death is this ? the eunuch Selim slain ?

86 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ALM. Shew me ; for I am come in search of death ;
But want a guide ; for tears have dim'd my sight.

LXO. Alas, a little further, and behold
Zara all pale and dead ! Two frightful men,
Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by ;
Feeling remorse too late for what they've done :
But, O forbear——lift up your eyes no more ;
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miseries are multiply'd ; return,
Return and look not on ; for there's a dagger
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes
Rain blood——

ALM. O, I foreknow, foresee that object.
Is it at last then so ! is he then dead ?
What, dead at last ; quite, quite, for ever dead ?
There, there I see him ; there he lies, the blood
Yet bubbling from his wounds——O more than savage !
Had they or hearts, or eyes, that did this deed ?
Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands ?
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone ?——
I do not weep ! the springs of tears are dry'd ;
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well ; and yet my husband's murder'd !
Yes, yes, I know to mourn ! I'll sluice this heart,
The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.——
Those men have left to weep ! they look on me !
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well ; your bloody hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have slain these innocents :
I am the sacrifice design'd to bleed ;
And come prepar'd to yield my throat——They shake.

THE MOURNING BRIDE. 87

Their heads, in sign of grief and innocence !

[They point at the bowl on the ground.

And point ! what mean they ? Ha ! a cup. O well,

I understand what med'cine has been here,

O noble thirst ! yet greedy, to drink all

—Oh for another draught of death—What mean they ?

[They point at the other cup.

Ha ! point again ? 'Tis there, and full, I hope,

Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus ;

I'll drink my glad acknowledgment—

LEO. O hold

For mercy's sake ; upon my knee I beg—

ALM. With thee the kneeling world should beg in vain.

Seest thou not there ? Behold who prostrate lies,

And pleads against thee ; who shall then prevail ?

Yet I will take a cold and parting leave,

From his pale lips ; I'll kiss him, ere I drink ;

Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth,

And stain the color of my last adieu.

Horror ! a headless trunk ! nor lips nor face,

[Coming nearer the body, starts, and lets fall the cup.

But spouting veins, and mangled flesh ! O, oh !

S C E N E the last.

Almeria, Leonora, Alphonso, Heli, Perez, with Garcia
prisoner, guards and attendants.

ALPH. Away, stand off, where is she ? Let me fly,

Save her from death ; and snatch her to my heart.

ALM. Oh !

ALPH. Forbear, my arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.

O let me talk to thy reviving sense
The words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties
With the new flushing ardor of my cheek;
Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm
Of cordial sighs; and reinspire thy bosom
With the breath of love. Shine, awake, Almeria,
Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

ALM. Where am I? heav'n! what does this dream
intend?

ALPH. O, may'st thou never dream of less delight,
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys.

ALM. Given me again from death! O all ye pow'rs,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My fight against my fight? and shall I trust
That sense, which in one instant shews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With apparitions, and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too shall have compassion.

ALPH. O my heart's comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail life to be entirely blest'd. Even now,
In this extremest joy my soul can taste,
Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep;
Thy father fell, where he design'd my death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their last breath confess'd
The just decrees of heav'n, which on themselves
Has turn'd their own most bloody purposes.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

89

Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus—[She weeps.

Let 'em remove the body from her sight.

Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup? Alas!

Thy error then is plain; but I were flint

Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.

O Garcia! —————

Whose virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,

Seest thou, how just the hand of heav'n has been?

Let us, who, through our innocence, survive,

Still in the paths of honor persevere,

And not, from past or present ills, despair

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;

And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[Exit omnes.

THE MOURNING BRIDE E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THE tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a princess, but in statu quoniam,
And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a widow, or an heir.
I've leisure, now, to mark your several faces,
And know each critic by his four grimaces.
To poison plays, I see some where they fit,
Scatter'd, like rats-bane, up and down the pit;
While others watch, like parish-searchers, hir'd
To tell of what disease the play expir'd.
O with what joy they run, to spread the news
Of a damn'd poet, and departed muse!
But, if he's scape, with what regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Critics to plays for the same end resort,
That surgeons wait on tryals in a court;
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,
Provided they've a body to dissect.
As Suffex men, that dwell upon the shore,
Look out when storms arise, and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That some well-laden ship may strike the sands;
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the spoils of providence:
So critics throng to see a new play split,
And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.

EPILOGUE.

Small hope our poet from these prospects draws;
And therefore to the fair commends his cause.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this play will favor find,
Which was an off'ring to the sex design'd.

}

E. P. L. O. U. R.

Which was an effort to the sixteenth century.

THE
J U D G M E N T
O F
P A R I S ;
A
M A S Q U E.

—— Vincis utramque Venus.

Ov, Art. Am. L. 1.

VOL. III.

G

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MERCURY.
PARIS.

JUNO.
PALLAS.
VENUS.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

The SCENE is a landskip of a beautiful pasture, supposed on Mount Ida. The shepherd Paris is seen seated under a tree, and playing on his pipe; his crook and scrip, &c. lying by him. While a symphony is playing, Mercury descends, with his Caduceus in one hand, and an apple of gold in the other: After the symphony he sings.

MERCURY.

FROM high Olympus, and the realms above,
Behold I come the messenger of Jove;

His dread commands I bear;

Shepherd, arise and hear;

Arise, and leave a while thy rural care:

Forbear thy woolly flock to feed,

And lay aside thy tuneful reed;

For thou to greater honors art decreed.

P A R I S.

O Hermes, I thy godhead know,

By thy winged heels and head;

By thy rod that wakes the dead,

And guides the shades below.

Say, wherefore dost thou seek this humble plain,

To greet a lowly swain?

What does the mighty thunderer ordain?

MERCURY.

This radiant fruit behold,
 More bright than burnish'd gold;
 Three goddesses for this contend:
 See now they descend,
 And this way they bend.
 Shepherd, take the golden prize,
 Yield it to the brightest eyes.

[Juno, Pallas, and Venus are seen at a distance descending
 in several machines.

P A R I S.

O ravishing delight!
 What mortal can support the sight?
 Alas! too weak is human brain,
 So much rapture to sustain.
 I faint, I fall! O take me hence,
 Ere ecstacy invades my aching sense:
 Help me, Hermes, or I die,
 Save me from excess of joy.

MERCURY.

Fear not, mortal; none shall harm thee;
 With my sacred rod I'll charm thee;
 Freely gaze and view all over,
 Thou may'st ev'ry grace discover.
 Though a thousand darts fly round thee,
 Fear not, mortal, none shall wound thee.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. 97

IN TWO PARTS.

Happy thou of human race,
Gods with thee would change their place.

P A R I S.

With no god I'd change my place,
Happy I of human race. [Mercury ascends.

[While a symphony is playing, Juno descends from her
machine ; after the symphony, she sings.

J U N O.

Saturnia, wife of thund'ring Jove, 'am I,
Belov'd by him, and empress of the sky ;
Shepherd, fix on me thy wond'ring sight,
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright,

[Symphony for Pallas,

P A L L A S.

This way, mortal, bend thy eyes,
Pallas claims the golden prize ;
A virgin goddess free from stain,
And queen of arts and arms I reign.

[Symphony for Venus,

V E N U S.

Hither turn thee, gentle swain,
Let not Venus sue in vain ;
Venus rules the gods above,
Love rules them, and she rules love.

Hither turn thee, gentle swain,

G 3

98 THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

PALLAS.

Hither turn to me again.

JUNO.

Turn to me, for I am she.

ALL THREE.

To me, to me, for I am she.

VENUS.

Hither turn thee, gentle swain.

JUNO and PALLAS.

She will deceive thee.

VENUS.

They will deceive thee, I'll never leave thee.

CHORUS OF ALL THREE.

Hither turn to me again,

To me, to me, for I am she;

Hither turn thee, gentle swain.

PARIS.

I.

Distracted I turn, but I cannot decide;

So equal a title sure never was try'd.

United, your beauties so dazzle the sight,

That lost in amaze,

I giddily gaze,

Confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a torrent of light.

II.

Apart let me view then each heav'nly fair,
For three at a time there's no mortal can bear;
And since a gay robe an ill shape may disguise,
When each is undrest
I'll judge of the best,
For 'tis not a face that must carry the prize.

J U N O Sings alone.

I.

Let ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks design'd;
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

II.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
Thou on necks of kings shalt tread,
Joys in circles joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancy's lead.

III.

Let not toils of empire fright,
Toils of empire pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know delight,
All the joy, but not the care.

IV.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize
For the blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

100 THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

C H O R U S.

Let ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
Not to follow flocks design'd ;
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

P A L L A S Sings alone.

I.

Awake, awake thy spirits raise,
Waste not thus thy youthful days,
Piping, toying,
Nymphs decoying,
Loft in wanton and inglorious ease.

II.

Hark, hark ! the glorious voice of war
Calls aloud, for arms prepare :
Drums are beating,
Rocks repeating,
Martial music charms the joyful air.

[Symphony.]

P A L L A S Sings.

O what joys does conquest yield !
When returning from the field,
O how glorious 'tis to see
The godlike hero crown'd with victory !
Laurel wreaths his head surrounding,
Banners waving in the wind,
Fame her golden trumpet sounding,
Every voice in chorus join'd.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. 101

To me, kind swain, the prize resign,
And fame and conquest shall be thine.

C H O R U S.

O how glorious 'tis to see
The godlike hero crown'd with victory !

[Symphony.]

V E N U S Sings alone.

Stay, lovely youth, delay thy choice ;
Take heed lest empty names enthral thee ;
Attend to Cytherea's voice ;
Lo ! I, who am love's mother, call thee.
Far from thee be anxious care,
And racking thoughts that vex the great :
Empire's but a gilded snare,
And fickle is the warrior's fate.
One only joy mankind can know,
And love alone can that bestow.

C H O R U S.

One only joy &c.

V E N U S Sings.

I.

Nature fram'd thee sure for loving,
Thus adorn'd with every grace ;
Venus' self, thy form approving,
Looks with pleasure on thy face.

II.

Happy nymph who shall enfold thee,
 Circled in her yielding arms;
 Should bright Helen once behold thee,
 She'd surrender all her charms.

III.

Fairest she, all nymphs transcending,
 That the sun himself has seen,
 Were she for the crown contending,
 Thou wou'dst own her beauty's queen.

IV.

Gentle shepherd, if my pleading
 Can from thee the prize obtain,
 Love himself thy conquest aiding,
 Thou that matchless fair shalt gain.

P A R I S.

I yield, I yield, O take the prize,
 And cease, O cease, th' enchanting song;
 All love's darts are in thy eyes,
 And harmony falls from thy tongue.
 Forbear, O goddess of desire,
 Thus my ravish'd soul to move;
 Forbear to fan the raging fire,
 And be propitious to my love.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. 103

Here Paris gives to Venus the golden apple. Several Cupids descend, the three Graces alight from the chariot of Venus, they call the Hours, who assemble ; with all the Attendants on Venus. All join in a circle round her, and sing the last grand Chorus, while Juno and Pallas ascend.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hither, all ye Graces, all ye loves,
Hither, all ye Hours, resort ;
Billing sparrows, cooing doves ;
Come all the train of Venus' court.
Sing all great Cytherea's name ;
Over empire, over fame,
Her victory proclaim.

Sing, sing and spread the joyful news around,
The queen of love is queen of beauty crown'd.

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 2. Government has been unable to secure
 3. the necessary funds to carry out its
 4. policy of non-interference in the
 5. internal affairs of the country.
 6. The second is the fact that the
 7. Government has been unable to secure
 8. the necessary funds to carry out its
 9. policy of non-interference in the
 10. internal affairs of the country.

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S E M E L E.

A N

O P E R A.

A Natura discedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono
auctori, et in hac re, sicut in omnibus, inconstantissimo.

SENECA, Ep. 99.

ARGUMENT

INTRODUCTORY TO THE

OPERA OF SEMELE.

AFTER Jupiter's amour with Europa, the daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, he again incenses Juno by a new affair in the same family; viz. with Semele, Niece to Europa, and daughter to Cadmus king of Thebes. Semele is on the point of marriage with Athamas; which marriage is about to be solemnized in the temple of Juno, goddess of marriages, when Jupiter, by ill omens, interrupts the ceremony; and afterwards transports Semele to a private abode prepar'd for her. Juno, after many contrivances, at length assumes the shape and voice of Ino, sister to Semele; by the help of which disguise, and artful insinuations, she prevails with her to make a request to Jupiter, which being granted must end in her utter ruin.

This fable is related in Ovid. *Metam.* l. 3. but there Juno is said to impose on Semele in the shape of an old woman, her nurse. 'Tis hoped, the liberty taken in substituting Ino instead of the old woman will be excus'd: It was done, because Ino is interwoven in the design by her love of Athamas; to whom she was marry'd, according to Ovid; and, because her character bears a proportion with the dignity of the other persons represented. This reason, it is presumed, may be allowed in a thing intirely fictitious; and more especially being represented under the title of an opera, where greater absurdities are every day excus'd.

A R G U M E N T.

It was not thought requisite to have any regard either to Rhyme or equality of measure in the lines of that part of the dialogue, which was designed for the recitative style in music. For as that style in music is not confined to the strict observation of time and measure, which is required in the composition of airs and sonatas, so neither is it necessary, that the same exactness in numbers, rhymes, or measure, should be observed in words designed to be set in that manner, which must ever be observed in the formation of odes and sonnets. For what they call recitative in music, is only a more tuneable speaking, it is a kind of prose in music; its beauty consists in coming near nature, and in improving the natural accents of words, by more pathetic or emphatical tones.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JUPITER.

CADMUS, king of THEBES.

ATHAMAS, a prince of BOEOTIA, in love with, and de-
sign'd to marry SEMELE.

SOMNUS.

APOLLO.

CUPID.

ZEPHYRS.

LOVES.

SHEPHERDS.

SATYRS.

JUNO.

IRIS.

SEMELE, daughter to CADMUS, beloved by and in love
with JUPITER.

INO, Sister to SEMELE, in love with ATHAMAS.

SHEPHERDESSES.

Chief Priest of JUNO, other Priests and Augurs.

SCENE, BOEOTIA.

S E M E L E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE is the temple of JUNO; near the altar is a golden image of the goddess. Priests are in their solemnities, as after a sacrifice newly offer'd; flames arise from the altar, and the statue of JUNO is seen to bow.

CADMUS, ATHAMAS, SEMELE, and INO.

FIRST PRIEST.

BEHOLD! auspicious flashes rise;
Juno accepts our sacrifice;
The grateful odor swift ascends,
And see, the golden image bends.

FIRST and SECOND PRIEST.

Lucky omens bless our rites,
And sure success shall crown your loves;
Peaceful days and fruitful nights
Attend the pair, that she approves.

C A D M U S.

Daughter, obey;
Hear, and obey.
With kind consenting
Ease a parent's care;
Invent no new delay.

VOL. III.

H

S E M E L E.

A T H A M A S.

O hear a faithful lover's pray'r;
On this auspicious day
Invent no new delay.

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S.

Hear and obey;
Invent no new delay
On this auspicious day.

S E M E L E [apart.]

Ah me!

What refuge now is left me?
How various, how tormenting,
Are my miseries!
O Jove, assist me.
Can Semele forego thy love,
And to a mortal's passion yield?
Thy vengeance will o'ertake
Such perfidy.

If I deny, my father's wrath I fear.
O Jove, in pity teach me which to chuse,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

A T H A M A S.

See, she blushing turns her eyes;
See, with sighs her bosom panting:
If from love those sighs arise,
Nothing to my bliss is wanting.
Hymen, haste, thy torch prepare,
Love already his has lighted,
One soft sigh has cur'd despair,
And more than my past pains requited.

S E M E L E.

III

I N O.

Alas ! she yields,
And has undone me :
I can no longer hide my passion ;
It must have vent——
Or inward burning
Will consume me.
O Athamas——
I cannot utter it——

A T H A M A S.

On me fair Ino calls
With mournful accent,
Her color fading,
And her eyes o'erflowing !

I N O.

O Semele !

S E M E L E.

On me she calls,
Yet seems to shun me !
What would my sister ?
Speak——

I N O.

Thou hast undone me.

C A D M U S.

Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our solemn rites prophane ?
Can he, or she, thy woes relieve ?
Or I ? Of whom dost thou complain ?

S E M E L E.

I N O.

Of all ; but all, I fear, in vain.

A T H A M A S.

Can I thy woes relieve ?

S E M E L E.

Can I assuage thy pain ?

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S, S E M E L E.

Of whom dost thou complain ?

I N O.

Of all ; but all, I fear, in vain,

It lightens, and thunder is heard at a distance ; then a noise
of rain ; the fire is suddenly extinguished on the altar :
the chief-priest comes forward.

F I R S T P R I E S T.

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs !

Some god averse our holy rites controls.

O'erwhelm'd with sudden night, the day expires !

Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls,

And Jove himself descends in show'rs,

To quench our late propitious fires.

C H O R U S of P R I E S T S.

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs !

S E C O N D P R I E S T.

Again auspicious flashes rise :

Juno accepts our sacrifice.

[Flames are again kindled on the altar, and the statue nods.]

THIRD PRIEST.

Again the fickly flame decaying dies :
Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

[The fire is again extinguished.]

A T H A M A S [apart.]

Thy aid, pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.

S E M E L E [apart.]

Thee Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.

[A loud clap of thunder; the altar sinks.]

FIRST PRIEST.

Cease, cease your vows, 'tis impious to proceed ;
Be gone, and fly this holy place with speed :
This dreadful conflict is of dire presage ;
Be gone, and fly from Jove's impending rage.

[All but the priests come forward. The Scene closes on the Priests, and shews to view the front and outside of the temple. Cadmus leads off Semele, attendants follow. Athamas and Ino remain.]

S C E N E II.

A T H A M A S, I N O.

A T H A M A S.

O Athamas, what torture hast thou borne !
And O, what hast thou yet to bear !
From love, from hope, from near possession torn,
And plung'd at once in deep despair.

S E M E L E.

I N O.

Turn, hopeless lover, turn thy eyes,
 And see a maid bemoan,
 In flowing tears and aching sighs,
 Thy woes, too like her own.

A T H A M A S.

She weeps !
 The gentle maid, in tender pity,
 Weeps to behold my misery !
 So Semele wou'd melt
 To see another mourn.

Such unavailing mercy is in beauty found,
 Each nymph bemoans the smart
 Of every bleeding heart,
 But that where she herself inflicts the wound.

I N O.

Ah me, too much afflicted !

A T H A M A S.

Can pity for another's pain
 Cause such anxiety !

I N O.

Cou'd'st thou but guess
 What I endure ;
 Or cou'd I tell thee——
 Thou, Athamas,
 Wou'd'st for a while
 Thy sorrows cease, a little cease,
 And listen for a while
 To my lamenting.

A T H A M A S.

Of grief too sensible
 I know your tender nature.
 Well I remember,
 When I oft have su'd
 To cold, disdainful Semele;
 When I with scorn have been rejected;
 Your tuneful voice my tale would tell
 In pity of my sad despair;
 And, with sweet melody, compel
 Attention from the flying fair.

I N O.

Too well I see,
 Thou wilt not understand me.
 Whence cou'd proceed such tenderness?
 Whence such compassion?
 Insensible! Ingrate!
 Ah no, I cannot blame thee;
 For by effects unknown before
 Who cou'd the hidden cause explore?
 Or think that love cou'd act so strange a part,
 To plead for pity in a rival's heart.

A T H A M A S.

Ah me, what have I heard!
 She does her passion own.

I N O.

What, had I not despair'd,
 You never shou'd have known.
 You've undone me;
 Look not on me;

Guilt upbraiding,
 Shame invading;
 Look not on me;
 You've undone me.

ATHAMAS.

With my life I wou'd atone
 Pains you've borne, to me unknown.
 Cease, cease to shun me.

I N O.

Look not on me;
 You've undone me.

ATHAMAS.

Cease, cease to shun me:
 Love, Love alone
 Has both undone.

I N O, ATHAMAS.

Love, Love alone
 Has both undone.

SCENE III.

[To them.] enter CADMUS attended.

CADMUS.

Ah wretched prince, doom'd to disastrous love!
 Ah me, of parents most forlorn!
 Prepare, O Athamas, to prove
 The sharpest pangs that e'er were borne:
 Prepare with me our common loss to mourn.

A T H A M A S.

Can fate, or Semele invent
Another, yet another punishment?

C A D M U S.

Wing'd with our fears, and pious haste,
From Juno's fane we fled;
Scarce we the brazen gates had pass'd,
When Semele around her head
With azure flames was grac'd,
Whose lambent glories in her tresses play'd.
While this we saw with dread surprize,
Swifter than lightning downwards tending
An eagle stoopt, of mighty size,
On purple wings descending;
Like gold his beak, like stars shone forth his eyes,
His silver plummy breast with snow contending:
Sudden he snatch'd the trembling maid,
And soaring from our sight convey'd;
Diffusing ever as he less'ning flew
Celestial odor, and ambrosial dew.

A T H A M A S.

O prodigy, to me of dire portent!

I N O.

To me, I hope, of fortunate event.

S C E N E IV.

Enter to them the Chief-Priests, with Augurs and other Priests.

C A D M U S.

See, see, Jove's priests and holy augurs come :
 Speak, speak, of Semele and me declare the doom.

F I R S T A U G U R.

Hail, Cadmus, hail ! Jove salutes the Theban King.
 Cease your mourning,
 Joys returning,
 Songs of mirth and triumph sing.

S E C O N D A U G U R.

Endless pleasure, endless love
 Semele enjoys above ;
 On her bosom Jove reclining,
 Useless now his thunder lies,
 To her arms his bolts resigning,
 And his lightning to her eyes.
 Endless pleasure, endless love
 Semele enjoys above.

F I R S T P R I E S T.

Haste, haste, haste, to sacrifice prepare,
 Once to the thunderer, once to the fair :
 Jove and Semele implore :
 Jove and Semele like honors share ;
 Whom gods admire, let men adore.
 Haste, haste, haste, to sacrifice prepare.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND AUGURS.

Hail, Cadmus, hail! Jove salutes the Theban King.

Cease your mourning,

Joys returning,

Songs of mirth and triumph sing.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a pleasant country, the prospect is terminated by a beautiful mountain, adorned with woods and water-falls. JUNO and IRIS descend in different machines. JUNO in a chariot drawn by peacocks; IRIS on a rainbow; they alight and meet.

JUNO.

IRIS, impatient of thy stay,
From Samos have I wing'd my way,
To meet thy slow return;
Thou know'st what cares infest
My anxious breast,
And how with rage and jealousy I burn:
Then why this long delay?

IRIS.

With all his speed not yet the sun
Thro' half his race has run,
Since I, to execute thy dread command -
Have thrice encompass'd seas and land.

J U N O.

Say, where is Semele's abode?

'Till that I know,

Tho' thou hadst on lightning rode,

Still thou tedious art and slow.

I R I S,

Look where Citheron proudly stands,

Bœotia parting from Cecropian lands.

High on the summit of that hill,

Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,

By Jove's command, and Vulcan's skill,

Behold a new-erected palace rise.

There, from mortal cares retiring,

She resides in sweet retreat;

On her pleasure, Jove requiring,

All the loves and graces wait.

Thither Flóra the fair

With her train must repair,

Her amorous Zephyr attending,

All her sweets she must bring

To continue the spring,

Which never must there know an ending.

Bright Aurora, 'tis said,

From her old lover's bed

No more the grey orient adorning,

For the future must rise

From fair Semele's eyes,

And wait till she wakes for the morning.

J U N O.

No more—I'll hear no more.
How long must I endure?—
How long, with indignation burning,
From impious mortals
Bear this insolence!
Awake, Saturnia, from thy lethargy;
Seize, destroy the curst adulterers.
Scale proud Citheron's top;
Snatch her, tear her in thy fury,
And down, down to the flood of Acheron,
Let her fall, let her fall, fall, fall:
Rolling down the depths of night,
Never more to behold the light.

 If I am own'd above

 Sister and wife of Jove;

 (Sister at least I sure may claim,

 Tho' wife be a neglected name.)

If I th' imperial sceptre sway—I swear
By hell——

Tremble, thou universe, this oath to hear,
Not one of curst Agenor's race to spare.

I R I S.

Hear, mighty queen, while I recount
What obstacles you must surmount;
With adamant the gates are barr'd,
Whose entrance two fierce dragons guard;
At each approach they lash their forky stings,
And clap their brazen wings:

S E M E L E.

And, as their scaly horrors rise,
 They all at once disclose
 A thousand fiery eyes,
 Which never know repose.

J U N O.

Hence Iris, hence away,
 Far from the realms of day;
 O'er Scythian hills to the Meotian lake
 A speedy flight we'll take:
 There Somnus I'll compel
 His downy bed to leave and silent cell:
 With noise and light I will his peace molest,
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing rest,
 'Till to my vow'd revenge he grants supplies,
 And seals with sleep the wakeful dragon's eyes.

[They ascend.]

S C E N E II.

The SCENE changes to an apartment in the palace of
 SEMELE; she is sleeping; LOVES and ZEPHYRS
 waiting.

C U P I D.

See, after the toils of an amorous fight,
 Where, weary and pleas'd, still panting she lies;
 While yet in her mind she repeats the delight.
 How sweet is the slumber that steals on her eyes!
 Come, Zephyrs, come, while Cupid sings,
 Fan her with your silky wings;

New desire
I'll inspire,
And revive the dying flames;
Dance around her,
While I wound her,
And with pleasure fill her dreams.

A dance of Zephyrs, after which Semele awakes, and rises.

S E M E L E.

O sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why thy visionary joys remove?
O sleep, again deceive me,
To my arms restore my wand'ring love.

S C E N E III.

TWO LOVES lead in JUPITER. While he meets and embraces SEMELE, CUPID sings.

C U P I D.

Sleep forsaking,
Seize him waking;
Love has sought him;
Back has brought him;
Mighty Jove tho' he be,
And tho' Love cannot see,
Yet by feeling about
He has found him out,
And has caught him.

S E M E L E.

Let me not another moment
 Bear the pangs of absence.
 Since you have form'd my soul for loving,
 No more afflict me
 With doubts and fears, and cruel jealousy.

J U P I T E R.

Lay your doubts and fears aside,
 And for joys alone provide ;
 Tho' this human form I wear,
 Think not I man's falshood bear ;
 You are mortal, and require
 Time to rest and to respire.

Nor was I absent,
 Tho' a while withdrawn
 To take petitions
 From the needy world.
 While love was with thee
 I was present ;
 Love and I are one.

S E M E L E.

If cheerful hopes
 And chilling fears,
 Alternate smiles,
 Alternate tears,
 Eager panting,
 Fond desiring,
 With grief now fainting,
 Now with bliss expiring ;
 If this be love, not you alone,
 But love and I are one.

BOTH.

If this be love, not you alone,
But love and I are one.

S E M E L E.

Ah me!

JUPITER.

Why fights my Semele?
What gentle sorrow
Swells thy soft bosom?
Why tremble those fair eyes
With interrupted light?
Where hov'ring for a vent,
Amidst their humid fires,
Some new-form'd with appears.
Speak, and obtain.

S E M E L E.

At my own happiness
I sigh and tremble;
Mortals, whom gods affect,
Have narrow limits set to life,
And cannot long be blest'd.
Or if they could——
A god may prove inconstant.

JUPITER.

Beware of jealousy:
Had Juno not been jealous,
I ne'er had left Olympus,
Nor wander'd in my love.

S E M E L E,

S E M E L E.

With my frailty don't upbraid me,
 I am woman as you made me;
 Causeless doubting or despairing,
 Rashly trusting, idly fearing.

If obtaining
 Still complaining;
 If consenting
 Still repenting;
 Most complying
 When denying;

And to be follow'd only flying.

With my frailty don't upbraid me,
 I am woman as you made me.

J U P I T E R.

Thy sex of Jove's the master-piece;
 Thou, of thy sex, art most excelling,
 Frailty in thee is ornament,
 In thee perfection:
 Giv'n to agitate the mind,
 And keep awake men's passions
 To banish indolence
 And dull repose,
 The foes of transport
 And of pleasure.

S E M E L E.

Still I am mortal,
 Still a woman;

And ever when you leave me,
 Tho' compass'd round with deities
 Of loves and graces,
 A fear invades me,
 And, conscious of a nature
 Far inferior,
 I seek for solitude,
 And shun society.

J U P I T E R. [Apart.]

Too well I read her meaning,
 But must not understand her.
 Aiming at immortality
 With dangerous ambition,
 She wou'd dethrone Saturnia;
 And, reigning in my heart,
 Would reign in heav'n.
 Lest she too much explain,
 I must with speed amuse her;
 It gives the lover double pain,
 Who hears his nymph complain,
 And hearing must refuse her.

S E M E L E.

Why do you cease to gaze upon me?
 Why musing turn away?
 Some other object
 Seems more pleasing.

J U P I T E R.

Thy needless fears remove,
 My fairest, latest, only love.

By my command,
 Now at this instant,
 Two winged Zephyrs
 From her downy bed
 Thy much lov'd Ino bear;
 And both together
 Waft her hither
 Thro' the balmy air.

S E M E L E.

Shall I my sister see!
 The dear companion
 Of my tender years.

J U P I T E R.

See, she appears,
 But sees not me;
 For I am visible
 Alone to thee.

While I retire, rise and meet her,
 And with welcomes greet her.
 Now all this scene shall to Arcadia turn,
 The seat of happy nymphs and swains;
 There without the rage of jealousy they burn,
 And taste the sweets of love without its pains.

S C E N E IV.

JUPITER retires. SEMELE and INO meet and embrace.
 The SCENE is totally changed, and shews an open country. Several shepherds and shepherdesses enter. SEMELE and INO, having entertained each other in dumb shew, sit and observe the rural sports, which end the second act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The SCENE is the cave of sleep. The god of sleep, lying on his bed. A soft symphony is heard. Then the music changes to a different movement.

JUNO, IRIS.

JUNO.

SOMNUS, awake,
 Raise thy reclining head.

IRIS.

Thyself forsake,
 And lift up thy heavy lids of lead.

I 2

S O M N U S. [waking.]

Leave me, loathsome light ;

Receive me, silent night.

Lethe, why does thy ling'ring current cease ?

O murmur, murmur me again to peace.

[Sinks down again.

I R I S.

Dull god, can'st thou attend the water's fall,

And not hear Saturnia call !

J U N O.

Peace, Iris, peace ; I know how to charm him :

Pasithea's name alone can warm him.

J U N O, I R I S.

Only love on sleep has pow'r ;

O'er gods and men

'Tho' Somnus reign,

Love alternate has his hour.

J U N O.

Somnus, arise,

Disclose thy tender eyes ;

For Pasithea's sight

Endure the light :

Somnus, arise.

S O M N U S. [rising.]

More sweet is that name

Than a soft purling stream ;

With pleasure repose I'll forsake,

If you'll grant me but her to soothe me awake.

J U N O.

My will obey,
 She shall be thine.
 Thou with thy softer pow'rs
 First Jove shalt captivate,
 To Morpheus then give order,
 Thy various minister,
 That with a dream in shape of Semele,
 But far more beautiful,
 And more alluring,
 He may invade the sleeping deity;
 And, more to agitate
 His kindling fire,
 Still let the phantom seem
 To fly before him;
 That he may wake impetuous,
 Furious in desire;
 Unable to refuse whatever boon
 Her coyness shall require.

S O M N U S.

I tremble to comply.

J U N O.

To me thy leaden rod resign,
 To charm the centinels
 On mount Citheron;
 Then cast a sleep on mortal Ino;
 That I may seem her form to wear
 When I to Semele appear.

S E M E L E.

Obeſy my will, thy ſelf reſign,
And Paſitheſa ſhall be thine.

S O M N U S.

All I muſt grant; for all is due
To Paſitheſa, love, and you.

J U N O.

Away let us haſte,
Let neither have reſt,
'Till the ſweeteſt of pleaſures we prove;
'Till, of vengeance poſſeſſ'd,
I doubly am bleſſ'd,
And thou art made happy in love.

[Exeunt Juno and Iris.]

[Somnus retires within his cave, the Scene
changes to Semele's apartment.]

S C E N E II.

S E M E L E. [alone.]

I love and am lov'd, yet more I deſire;
Ah, how fooliſh a thing is fruition!
As one paſſion cools, ſome other takes fire,
And I'm ſtill in a longing condition.
Whate'er I poſſeſs
Soon ſeems an exceſs,

For something untry'd I petition;
 Tho' daily I prove
 The pleasures of love,
 I die for the joys of ambition.

S C E N E III.

Enter JUNO as INO, with a mirror in her hand.

JUNO. [Apart.]

Thus shaped like Ino,
 With ease I shall deceive her;
 And in this mirror she shall see
 Herself as much transform'd as me.
 Do I some goddess see?
 Or is it Semele?

[To her.]

S E M E L E.

Dear sister, speak.
 Whence this astonishment?

JUNO.

Your charms, improving
 To divine perfection,
 Shew you were late admitted
 Amongst celestial beauties.
 Has Jove consented?
 And are you made immortal?

S E M E L E.

Ah no, I still am mortal;
 Nor am I sensible
 Of any change or new perfection.

J U N O. [Giving her the glass.

Behold in this mirror
 Whence comes my surprize;
 Such lustre and terror
 Unite in your eyes,
 That mine cannot fix on a radiance so bright;
 'Tis unsafe for the sense, and too slipp'ry for sight.

S E M E L E. [Looking in the glass.

O ecstasy of happiness!
 Celestial graces
 I discover in each feature!
 Myself I shall adore,
 If I persist in gazing;
 No object sure before
 Was ever half so pleasing.
 How did that glance become me!
 But take this flatt'ring mirror from me.
 Yet once again let me view me.
 Ah charming all o'er!
 [Offering the glass, withdraws her hand again.
 Here——hold, I'll have one look more,
 Tho' that look I were sure would undo me.

J U N O. [Taking the glass from her.

Be wise as you are beautiful;
Nor lose this opportunity.
When Jove appears,
All ardent with desire,
Refuse his proffer'd flame,
'Till you obtain a boon without a name.

S E M E L E.

Can that avail me?

J U N O.

Unknowing your intent,
And eager for possessing,
He unawares will grant
The nameless blessing.
But bind him by the Stygian lake,
Lest, lover-like, his word he break.

S E M E L E.

But how shall I attain
To immortality?

J U N O.

Conjure him by his oath
Not to approach your bed
In likeness of a mortal,
But like himself, the mighty thunderer,
In pomp of majesty,
And heav'nly attire;

As when he proud Saturn's charms,
 And with ineffable delights
 Fills her encircling arms,
 And pays the nuptial rites.
 By this conjunction
 With entire divinity
 You shall partake of heav'nly essence,
 And thenceforth leave this mortal state
 To reign above,
 Ador'd by Jove,
 In spite of jealous Juno's hate.

S E M E L E.

Thus let my thanks be paid,
 Thus let my arms embrace thee;
 And, when I'm a goddess made,
 With charms like mine I'll grace thee.

J U N O.

Rich odors fill the fragrant air,
 And Jove's approach declare,
 I must retire——

S E M E L E.

Adieu——Your counsel I'll pursue.

J U N O: [apart.]

And sure destruction will ensue.
 Vain wretched fool——[To her.] Adieu. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

JUPITER enters, offers to embrace SEMELE; she looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.

J U P I T E R.

Come to my arms, my lovely fair,
Sooth my uneasy care:
In my dream late I woo'd thee,
And in vain I pursu'd thee,
For you fled from my pray'r,
And bid me despair.
Come to my arms, my lovely fair.

S E M E L E.

Tho' 'tis easy to please ye,
And hard to deny;
Tho' possessing's a blessing
For which I could die;
I dare not, I cannot comply.

J U P I T E R.

When I languish with anguish,
And tenderly sigh,
Can you leave me, deceive me,
And scornfully fly?
Ah fear not; you must not deny.

S E M E L E, J U P I T E R.

I dare not, I cannot comply.

Ah fear not; you must not deny.

J U P I T E R.

O Semele,

Why art thou thus insensible?

Were I a mortal,

Thy barbarous disdain

Would surely end me,

And death at my complaining

In pity would befriend me.

S E M E L E.

I ever am granting,

You always complain;

I always am wanting,

Yet never obtain.

J U P I T E R.

Speak, speak your desire,

I'm all over fire.

Say what you require,

I'll grant it—now let us retire.

S E M E L E.

Swear by the Stygian lake.

J U P I T E R.

By that tremendous flood I swear,

Ye Stygian waters, hear,

And thou, Olympus, shake,
In witness to the oath I take.

[Thunder at a distance, and underneath.

S E M E L E.

You'll grant what I require ?

J U P I T E R.

I'll grant what you require.

S E M E L E.

Then cast off this human shape, which you wear,
And, Jove since you are, like Jove too appear ;
When next you desire I should charm ye.

As when Juno you bless,

So you me must carest,

And with all your omnipotence arm ye.

J U P I T E R.

Ah ! take heed what you press,

For beyond all redress,

Should I grant what you wish, I shall harm ye.

S E M E L E.

I'll be pleas'd with no less

Than my wish in excess :

Let the oath you have taken alarm ye :

Haste, haste, and prepare,

For I'll know what you are ;

So with all your omnipotence arm ye.

S E M E L E.

S C E N E V.

She withdraws, JUPITER remains pensive and dejected.

JUPITER.

Ah! whither is she gone! unhappy fair!

Why did she wish?—Why did I rashly swear?

'Tis past, 'tis past recal;

She must a victim fall.

Alas, when I appear

The mighty thunderer,

Arm'd with inevitable fire,

She needs must instantly expire.

'Tis past, 'tis past recal;

She must a victim fall.

My softest lightning yet I'll try,

And mildest melting bolt apply:

In vain——for she was fram'd to prove

None but the lambent flames of love.

'Tis past, 'tis past recal;

She must a victim fall.

S C E N E VI.

Juno appears in her chariot ascending.

JUNO.

Above measure

Is the pleasure,

Which my revenge supplies.

Love's a bubble

Gain'd with trouble,

And in possessing dies.

With what joy shall I mount to my heav'n again,

At once from my rival and jealousy freed !

The sweets of revenge make it worth while to reign,

And heav'n will hereafter be heav'n indeed.

[She ascends.

S C E N E VII.

The SCENE opening discovers SEMELE lying under a canopy, leaning pensively. While a mournful symphony is playing, she looks up and sees JUPITER descending in a black cloud ; the motion of the cloud is slow. Flashes of lightning issue from either side, and thunder is heard grumbling in the air.

S E M E L E.

Ah me ! too late I now repent

My pride and impious vanity.

He comes ! far off his lightnings scorch me.

——I feel my life consuming —

I burn, I burn——I faint——for pity I implore——

O help, O help——I can no more.

[Dies.

As the cloud, which contains JUPITER, is arrived just over the canopy of SEMELE, a sudden and great flash of lightning breaks forth, and a clap of loud thunder is heard ; when at one instant SEMELE, with the palace and the whole present scene disappear, and JUPITER re-ascends swiftly. The Scene totally changed represents a pleasant country, Mount Citheron closing the prospect.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter CADMUS, ATHAMAS and INO.

I N O.

Of my ill-boding dream
Behold the dire event.

C A D M U S, A T H A M A S.

O terror and astonishment !

I N O.

How I was hence remov'd,
Or hither how return'd, I know not :
So long a trance withheld me.
But Hermes in a vision told me
(As I have now related)
The fate of Semele ;
And added, as from me he fled,
That Jove ordain'd I Athamas should wed.

C A D M U S.

Be Jove in every thing obey'd.

[Joins their hands.

A T H A M A S.

Unworthy of your charms, myself I yield ;
Be Jove's commands and yours fulfill'd.

C A D M U S.

See from above the bellying clouds descend,
And big with some new wonder this way tend.

S C E N E IX.

A bright cloud descends and rests on Mount Citheron,
which opening, discovers APOLLO seated in it as the
God of prophecy.

A P O L L O.

Apollo comes to relieve your care,
And future happiness declare.
From tyrannous love all your sorrows proceed,
From tyrannous love you shall quickly be freed.
From Semele's ashes a phoenix shall rise,
The joy of this earth, and delight of the skies:
A god he shall prove,
More mighty than love,
And a sovereign juice shall invent,
Which antidote pure
The sick lover shall cure,
And fighting and sorrow for ever prevent.
Then mortals be merry, and scorn the blind boy;
Your hearts from his arrows strong wine shall defend:
Each day and each night you shall revel in joy,
For, when Bacchus is born, love's reign's at an end.

C H O R U S.

Then mortals be merry, &c.
Dance of Satyrs.

[Exeunt omnes.]

2 H M E I N E

Q A D M U S

And his word shall be remembered for ever
And his word shall be remembered for ever

2 O E N E I X

A. O. E. N. I. X. stands for Mount Calvary
which signifies the cross. A. O. E. N. I. X. is the
God of peace.

A. O. E. N. I. X.

And thus it shall be remembered for ever
And thus it shall be remembered for ever

And thus it shall be remembered for ever

And thus it shall be remembered for ever

And thus it shall be remembered for ever

And thus it shall be remembered for ever

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And thus it shall be remembered for ever

P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

—— Minuentur atræ
Carminē curæ.

HOR.

OF THE

U. S. A.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

THE

THE

1013

E P I S T L E

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

C H A R L E S,

Lord H A L I F A X, &c.

TO you, my lord, my muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays;
To you she first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound, her numbers range,
And, unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For, now, she tries the reed, anon, attempts the lyre;
In high Parnassus she no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams;
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its Track adores.

E P I S T L E.

She knows what room, what force, the swan requires,
 Whose tow'ring head above the clouds aspires,
 And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,
 Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,
 And not more bound to aid us, than adorn !
 Albion in verse with antient Greece had vy'd,
 And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, seven states divide.
 But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
 Had we the patriot in the poet lost,
 A true poetic state we had deplor'd,
 Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.

But still, my lord, tho' your exalted name
 Stands foremost in the fairest list of fame,
 Tho' your ambition ends in public good,
 (A virtue lineal to your house and blood :)
 Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
 Nor slight the trophies which the muses raise.
 How oft a patriot's best-laid schemes we find
 By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd !
 If he succeed he undergoes this lot,
 The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
 But honors, which from verse their source derive,
 Shall both surmount detraction, and survive :
 And poets have unquestion'd right to claim,
 If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE
MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A
PASTORAL.

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF
QUEEN MARY.

Infandum Regina Jubes renovare dolorem.

VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for sorrow's shelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night, succeeding night, excludes the day;
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day, or bid the sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy e'er was seen,
No sweetly budding flower, nor springing green;
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.

150 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss;
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

A L E X I S.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme! which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds.

O, could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan swain;
Or melting words and moving numbers chuse,
Sweet as the British Colin's mourning muse;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill,)
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The list'ning Echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind and murm'ring stream should tell,
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

M E N A L C A S.

Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail, to show
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 151

In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artless as nature's notes, in birds untaught;
Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breast,
By whom inspir'd I sung at Comus' feast;
While in a ring the jolly rural throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song:
Begone, with all thy mirth and spritely lays,
My pipe no longer now thy pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my muse, to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air,
And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow hair;
Far hence in utmost wilds thy dwelling chuse,
Begone, Thalia, sorrow is my muse.

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And Sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
No more these woods shall with her sight be bless'd,
Nor with her feet these flow'ry plains be press'd;
No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;
No more these rivers cheerfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wond'ring flocks have stood,
Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the nymphs shall with soft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances please her sight;

152 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,
To bless the joyous day, that gave her birth :
Lost is that day, which had from her its light,
For ever lost with her in endleſt night :
In endleſs night, and arms of death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut Paſtora's eyes.

Lament, ye nymphs, and mourn, ye wretched ſwains,
Stray, all ye flocks, and deſert be, ye plains,
Sigh, all ye winds, and weep, ye chryſtal floods,
Fade, all ye flowers, and wither, all ye woods.

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

Within a diſmal grot, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholſome ground ;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace
Its trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Fally ye weep, ye rocks, and falſly mourn ;
For never will you let the nymph return.
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments.

O, ſhe was heav'nly fair in face and mind !
Never in nature were ſuch beauties join'd :
Without all ſhining ; and within all white ;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the fight ;
Like ſome rare flow'r, whoſe leaves all colors yield,
And, opening, is with ſweeteſt odors fill'd.
As lofty pines o'erſtop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed,
To which excelling height ſhe bore a mind
Humble, as oſiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was——

Ah wretched fate! she was, but is no more.
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
From that blest earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrant sweets arise:

Let Myrrha, weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb,
Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there;
Thither let Fairies with their train resort,
Neglect their revels, and their midnight sport,
There in unusual wailings waste the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worms light.

There may no dismal yew, nor cypress grow,
Nor holly bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.

But let the fighting doves their sorrows bring,
And nightingales in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And, sick'ning at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy.
Let Echo too in mimic moan deplore,
And cry with me, Pastora is no more!

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

And see, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air:

A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
 Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
 On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears,
 And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears.
 Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
 And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces sloop.

The rocks are cleft, and new descending rills
 Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.
 The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
 And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn.

The Fawns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the grove,
 And round the plain in sad distraction rove;
 In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
 And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
 And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.

Lo Pan himself beneath a blasted oak
 Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
 See Pales weeping too in wild despair,
 And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yond' fading myrtle, where appears
 The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears,
 See, how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
 And tears her useless girdle from her waist:
 Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
 For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

Lo Love himself with heavy woes oppress'd!
 See, how his sorrows swell his tender breast;
 His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
 And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
 Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
 And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,

With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, Pastora is no more!

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.
But oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.

See the great Shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest:

No more; for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms!
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd, in balmy sleep, to lose the nights,

Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?

Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?

To dust must all that heav'n of beauty come?

And must Pastora moulder in the tomb?

Ah death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,

Than wildest wolves, or savage tigers are;

With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,

But rav'nous death the shepherdes has seiz'd.

I mourn PASTORA dead, let ALBION mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.

"But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light

"With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight :

"And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,

"Shewing all radiant bright the sacred ground.

"While from her tomb behold a flame ascends

"Of whitest fire, whose flight to heav'n extends !

"On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as light

"Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light :

"Till the blue firmament at last it gains,

"And, fixing there, a glorious star remains :"

Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,

As once on earth were seen PASTORA'S eyes.

TO THE
K I N G,
ON THE
TAKING OF NAMURE.
IRREGULAR ODE.

Præfenti tibi Maturus largimur Honores:
Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.

HOR. ad Augustum.

I.

OF arms and war my muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string:
New fire informs my soul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I soar.
O pow'r unseen, by whose resistless force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course;
For fancy wild and pathless ways will chuse,
Which judgment, rarely, or with pain, pursues.

Vol. III.

L

258 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Say, sacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds;
 Why scorns the lowly swain his oaten reeds,
 Daring aloud to strike the sounding lyre,
 And sing heroic deeds;
 Neglecting flames of love for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raise;
 What voice so weak, that cannot sing his praise!
 The list'ning world each whisper will befriend,
 That breathes his name, and ev'ry ear attend.
 The hov'ring winds on downy wings shall wait around,
 And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound.
 Ev'n I will in his praise be heard;
 For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.
 Borne, like a lark, upon this eagle's wing
 High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing;
 High as the head of Fame; Fame whose exalted size,
 From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted skies*:
 A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,
 A thousand waking eyes, and ever-open ears;
 Hourly she stalks with huge gigantic pace,
 Meas'ring the globe, like time, with constant race:
 Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's praise;
 Of him her thousand ears shall hear triumphant lays,
 Of him her tongues shall talk, on him her eyes shall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change astonishing my eyes!
 And all around behold new objects rise!

* Virg. Æn. 4.

What forms are these I see ? and whence ?
 Beings substantial ? or does air condense,
 To cloath in visionary shape my various thought ?
 Are these by fancy wrought ?
 Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense ?
 O sacred poesy ! O boundless power !
 What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds explore.
 Thro' seas, earth, air, and the wide circling sky,
 What is not sought and seen by thy all-piercing eye !

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made,
 And flowing brooks beneath a forest's shade ;
 A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
 Stood feeding by ; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
 Their armed heads for fight ; by fate of war to prove
 The victor worthy of the fair one's love.
 Unthought presage of what met next my view !
 For soon the shady scene withdrew.
 And now, for woods, and fields, and springing flow'rs ;
 Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty tow'rs !
 Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
 Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd :
 With eager eyes beholding both from far.
 Namure, the prize and mistress of the war.

V.

Now thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
 Does ev'ry chief and soldier's heart inflame.
 Defensive arms the Gallic forces bear ;
 While hardy Britons for the storm prepare :

For fortune had, with partial hand, before
 Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r,
 High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
 Founded by fate; and wrought by nature's hands.
 A wond'rous task it is th' ascent to gain,
 Thro' craggy cliffs, that strike the sight with pain,
 And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
 To this, what dangers men can add, by force or skill,
 (And great is human force and wit in ill)
 Are join'd; on ev'ry side wide gaging engines wait,
 Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,
 In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
 Thus fearful does the face of adverse pow'r appear;
 But British forces are unus'd to fear;
 Tho' thus oppos'd they might, if William were not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! Behold the storm begin!
 The trumpet's clangor speaks in loud alarms,
 Mingling shrill notes with dreadful din
 Of cannons burst, and rattling clash of arms.
 Clamors from earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth, rebound,
 Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd,
 And Echo lost in one continu'd sound:
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
 Such flames the gulphs of Tartarus disgorge;
 So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast blaze that
 broke,
 Redd'ning with horrid gloom the dusky smoke,

When the huge Cyclops did with molding thunder sweat,
And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidst this rage behold where William stands,
Undaunted, undismay'd !

With face serene, dispensing dread commands ;

Which, heard with awe, are with delight obey'd ;

A thousand fiery deaths around him fly ;

And burning balls hiss harmless by ;

For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,

Nor dares the light'ning touch the laurels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage

Of missive fires, that fester in each limb ;

Which dire revenge alone has pow'r to assuage ;

Revenge makes danger dreadful seem.

And now, with desp'rate force and fresh attack,

Thro' obvious deaths resistless way they make ;

Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,

And then ascend ; resembling thus (as far

As race of men inferior may)

The fam'd gigantic war :

When those tall sons of earth did t' heav'n aspire ;

(A brave, but impious fire !)

Uprooting hills with most stupendous hale,

To form the high and dreadful scale.

The gods with horror and amaze look'd down,

Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent ;

Mountain on mountain thrown

With threatening hurl, that shook th' ethereal firmament.

Th' attempt did fear in heav'n's crests;
 Ev'n Jove depending fate,
 'Till Mars with all his force collected stood,
 And pour'd whole War on the rebellious brood;
 Who, tumbling headlong from th' emptyreal skies,
 O'erwhelm'd those hills, by which they thought to rise.
 Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
 And now in godlike William storms with equal force below.

IX.

Still they proceed with firm unshaken pace,
 And hardy breasts, oppos'd to danger's face,
 With daring feet on springing mines they tread
 Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.
 Still they proceed; tho' all beneath the lab'ring earth
 Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
 Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
 See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
 See, how the Britons rise! See the retiring Gauls!
 Now from the fort behold the yielding flag is spread,
 And William's banner on the breach display'd.

X.

Hark the triumphant shouts from every voice!
 The skies with acclamations ring!
 Hark how around the hills rejoice,
 And rocks reflected Io's sing!
 Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd
 Heroic harmony prepare,
 And charm to silence every wind,
 And glad the late tormented air.

Far is the sound of martial music spread,
 Echoing thro' all the Gallic host,
 Whose num'rous troops the dreadful storm survey'd :
 But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd,
 Unmov'd beheld the fortress lost.
 William their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,
 Such wond'rous charms can godlike valor show !
 Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield
 Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe :
 Nor when on soaring horse he flew to aid,
 And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid ;
 Or more heroic was the deed ;
 Or she to surer chains decreed,
 Than was Namure ; 'till now by William freed.

XI.

Descend, my muse, from thy too daring height,
 Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing ;
 For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
 And dost with pain of triumphs sing,
 More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds ;
 For war let more harmonious harps be strung :
 Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds
 To Him, who sung the Boyne ; or Him, to whom he sung.

THE
BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

C H A R L E S,

Lord H A L I F A X.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

HORAT.

DESCEND, celestial Muse ! thy son inspire
Of thee to sing ; infuse thy holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men, thyself disclose ;
Say from what source thy heav'nly pow'r arose,
Which, from unnumber'd years deliv'ring down
The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown. }

Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace ;
At once the rivals started to the race :
And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
Or both to all eternity contend.
One to preserve what t'other cannot save,
And rescue virtue rising from the grave.

To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung ;
For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre is strung :

For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine ;
 In thee their various fires united shine ;
 Darling of Phœbus, and the tuneful nine :
 To thee alone I dare my song commend,
 Whose nature can forgive, and pow'r defend,
 And shew by turns the patron and the friend.

Begin, my Muse, from Jove derive thy song,
 Thy song of right does first to Jove belong ;
 For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
 Nor dare a fire inferior boast the breed.
 When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
 And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd ;
 Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
 Their rise and fall were destin'd by the fates.
 Then Time had first a name ; by firm decree
 Appointed lord of all futurity :
 Within whose ample bosom fates repose
 Causes of things, and secret seeds enclose,
 Which, rip'ning there, shall one day gain a birth,
 And force a passage thro' the teeming earth.
 To him they give to rule the spacious light,
 And bound the yet unparted day and night ;
 To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,
 To shift the seasons, and conduct the year ;
 Duration of dominion and of pow'r
 To him prescribe ; and fix each fated hour.
 This mighty rule to Time the fates ordain,
 But yet to hard conditions bind his reign ;
 For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
 (How good-see'er and grateful in his sight,)
 He must again to native earth restore,
 And all his race with iron teeth devour.

166 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Nor good, nor great, shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding nature prove the rigid law.
Not yet the loosen'd earth aloft was slung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung;
Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn,
Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had Time commission to begin,
Or fate the many-twisted web to spin;
When all the heav'nly host assembled came
To view the world, yet resting on its frame;
Eager they press to see the fire dismiss,
And roll the globe along the vast abyfs.

When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene.
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again inspect fate's universal book.
Abroad the wond'rous volume he displays,
And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page;
Where nature's bloom presents the golden age.
The golden leaf to silver soon resigns;
And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly shines;
Of baser brass the next denotes the times;
An impious page deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face;
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.

He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:
The first of men, and lords of earth, design'd,
Who under him should govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;

Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste;
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward search'd the roll, to find if fate
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid;
And all her boasted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first, and second Cæsar, god-like great,
Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
And rising heroes still the search attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd;
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from ocean's bed.
For rolling years her happy fortunes smile,
And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle;
To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a low'ring sky comes on apace,
 And fate revers'd shews an ill-omen'd face.
 The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
 And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
 Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
 Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
 She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame
 Of honors lost, and her diminish'd name:
 Conscious she seeks from day to throw'd her head,
 And glad wou'd shrink beneath her oozy bed.

Thus far the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
 In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.
 Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
 And ardent colors gild the glowing page.

Behold of radiant light an orb arise!
 Which, kindling day, restores the darken'd skies:
 And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
 And now its course to fair Britannia bends;
 Along the foamy main the billows bear
 The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
 Hail, happy omen! hail, auspicious sight!
 Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
 For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
 Pursuing closely, plows the wat'ry way,
 Tracing the glory thro' the flaming sea.

Britannia, rise; awake, O fairest isle,
 From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.
 Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
 Whose reign renews the former age of gold,
 The fates at length the blissful web have spun,
 And bid it round in endless circles run.

Again, shall distant lands confess thy sway,
 Again, the wat'ry world thy rule obey;
 Again, thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
 And win in foreign fields a deathless name;
 For William's genius ev'ry soul inspires,
 And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
 Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
 And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
 Already routed foes his fury feel,
 And fly the force of his unerring steel.
 The haughty Gaul, who well, 'till now, might boast
 A matchless sword, and unresisted host,
 At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
 His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
 His tow'ring ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
 And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;
 A gath'ring storm he seem'd, which from afar
 Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war.
 'Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
 And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
 So from the radiant sun retires the night,
 And western clouds shot thro' with orient light.
 So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
 To all the warring winds at once gives way;
 The frantic brethern ravage all around,
 And rocks, and woods, and shores their rage resound;
 Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
 The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep:
 But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
 His trident shakes, and shews his awful head;
 The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
 And ev'ry rolling surge resides in peace.

570 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

And now the sacred leaf a landskip wears,
Where heav'n serene, and air unmov'd, appears.
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees.
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
Whole nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' advent'rous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelvy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows shrieks, and orphans cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies.
But peaceful joys the prosp'rous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.

And he, whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle;
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders, fir'd,
Have honors lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign;
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those, it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves; and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.

Th' eternal paus'd——

Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he saw besides the coming store.

Enough the hero had already done,

And round the wide extent of glory run:

Nor further now the shining path pursues,

But like the sun the same bright race renews.

And shall remorseless fates on him have pow'r!

Or Time unequally such worth devour!

Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?

Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?

Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,

And deathless fame the due reward requires.

Approving heav'n th' exalted virtue views,

Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great creator soon the grant resolves,

And in his mighty mind the means revolves.

He thought; nor doubted once, again to chuse;

But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse:

172 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Ne'er did his pow'r produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' assembled gods, who long expecting stayd,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the fire himself his joy disguise,
But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes.
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heav'nly fair bespoke.

" To thee, immortal maid, from this bless'd hour,
" O'er Time and Fame I give unbounded pow'r.
" Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;
" Shalt raise, revive, immortalise the brave.
" To thee the Dardan prince shall owe his fame;
" To thee the Cæsars their eternal name.
" Eliza, sung by thee, with fate shall strive,
" And long as Time in sacred verse survive.
" And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest theme;
" The first of men, mature for endless fame,
" Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
" Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise.
" On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise;
" Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.
" Thro' him thy songs shall more sublime aspire;
" And he, thro' them, shall deathless fame acquire;
" Nor time, nor fate his glory shall oppose,
" Or blast the monuments the muse bestows."

This said; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal host
Again impatient crowd the chrystal coast.

The father, now, within his spacious hands
 Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands;
 And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous sphere,
 He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

O N

Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, Singing.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,
 And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
 Be calm, as in the arms of death.
 And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
 Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
 Be still; gently, ah gently, leave,
 Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.
 Stir not a pulse, and let my blood,
 That turbulent, unruly flood,
 Be softly stay'd:

Let me be all, but my attention, dead.

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M

Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
 Leave your officious toil and strife ;
 For I would hear her voice, and try
 If it be possible to die.

II.

Come, all ye love-sick maids, and wounded swains,
 And listen to her healing strains.
 A wond'rous balm between her lip she wears.
 Of sov'reign force to soften cares ;
 And this through ev'ry ear she can impart
 (By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.
 Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
 And to the tender grief soft air applies,
 Which, warbling mystic sounds,
 Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
 But ah ! beware of clam'rous moan :
 Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
 Your slighted loves declare :
 Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear ;
 For even ~~they~~ will be too boist'rous here.
 Hither let nought but sacred silence come,
 And let all sawcy praise be dumb.

III.

And lo ! Silence himself is here ;
 Methinks I see the midnight god appear,
 In all his downy pomp array'd,
 Behold the rev'rend shade :
 An ancient sigh he sits upon,
 Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
 And purposely annihilated for his throne :

Beneath two soft transparent clouds do meet,
 In which he seems to sink his softer feet.
 A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
 Stol'n from a lover in despair,
 Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
 In fluid folds his visionary shape.
 A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
 Where curling mists supply the want of hairs :
 While the still vapors, which from poppies rise,
 Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark ! the heav'nly sphere turns round,
 And silence now is drown'd
 In ecstasy of sound.
 How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
 As if all harmony were just alarm'd !
 And ev'ry soul, with transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
 See how the heav'nly choir
 Come flocking to admire,
 And with what speed and care
 Descending angels cull the thinnest air !
 Haste then, come, all th' immortal throng,
 And listen to her song ;
 Leave your lov'd mansions, in the sky,
 And hither, quickly hither fly ;
 Your loss of heav'n nor shall you need to fear ;
 While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they croud, see how the little cherubs skip!

While others sit around her mouth, and sip

Sweet halleluiahs from her lip.

Those lips, where in surprisè of bliss they rove;

For ne'er before did angels taste

So exquisite a feast,

Of music and of love.

Prepare then, ye immortal choir,

Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,

And with her voice in chorus join;

Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.

Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,

And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,

Which only breath inspir'd can reach;

To notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach:

While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,

Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness

Of all, of all, but of the present happiness:

Wishing for ever in that state to lye,

For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION

AND

PETITION TO ACHILLES,

FOR

THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

ac

Translated from the Greek of HOMER,

Beginning at this line,

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέειπεν μακρὸν Ὀλύμπῳ
Ἑρμείας. —

ARGUMENT INTRODUCTORY to this TRANSLATION.

“ Hector’s body (after he was slain) remain’d still in the
“ possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great
“ lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and sent Iris
“ to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he
“ should go to Achilles’s tent; and how he should there
“ ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders
“ his chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich presents
“ for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian camp, ac-
“ companied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury,
“ at Jupiter’s command, meets him by the way, in the

178 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

“ figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his
 “ misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot unobserved
 “ through the guards, and to the door of Achilles’s tent ;
 “ which having perform’d, he discover’d himself a God,
 “ and giving him a short instruction, how to move
 “ Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.”

SO spake the God, and heav’nward took his flight :
 When Priam from his chariot did alight ;

Leaving Idaeus there, alone he went
 With solemn pace into Achilles’ tent.

Heedless he pass’d thro’ various rooms of state
 Until, approaching where the hero sat,

There at a feast the good old Priam found
 Jove’s best belov’d, with all his chiefs around :

Two only were t’attend his person plac’d,
 Automedon and Alcymus ; the rest,
 At greater distance, greater state express’d.

Priam, unseen by these, his way pursu’d,
 And first of all was by Achilles view’d.

About his knees his trembling arms he cast,
 And agonizing grasp’d and held ’em fast ;

Then caught his hands, and kiss’d and press’d ’em close ;

Those hands, th’inhuman authors of his woes ;

Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost

Much of his blood (for many sons he lost.)

But as a wretch, who has a murder done,

And seeking refuge does from justice run ;

Ent’ring some house, in haste, where he’s unknown,

Creates amazement in the lookers-on ;

So did Achilles gaze, surpris’d to see

The god-like Priam’s royal misery ;

All on each other gaz'd, all in surprize
 And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
 'Till he at length the solemn silence broke;
 And thus the venerable suppliant spoke.

Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
 A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old:
 Think on your father, and then look on me,
 His hoary age and helpless person see;
 So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
 Such, and so many his declining years;
 Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
 Cou'd you imagine such, his misery!
 Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
 And neighb'ring princes lay his country waste;
 Ev'n at this time perhaps some pow'rful foe,
 Who will no mercy, no compassion show,
 Ent'ring his palace, sees him feebly fly,
 And seek protection, where no help is nigh.
 In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,
 And wish in vain for your delay'd return;
 Yet that he hears you live, is some relief;
 Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief;
 It glads his soul to think he once may see
 His much-lov'd son; would that were granted me!
 But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
 Of all my worthy sons, how few are left!
 Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
 When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast:
 Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
 Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
 Merciless war this devastation wrought,
 And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.

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Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
Whose life alone their deaths could recompence:
And to complete my store of countless woe,
Him you have slain——of him bereav'd me too!
For his sake only hither am I come;
Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endless sum;
All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
A worthless ransom for so brave a son.

Fear the just gods, Achilles; and on me
With pity look, think you your father see;
Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
I can no equal have in miseries;
Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with such weight, as never has been borne;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The spring and source of all my sorrows come;
With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
And kiss those hands, which have my children slain,
He spake.

Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears;
That, and compassion, melt him into tears.
Then gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face; but he still prostrate lay,
And there with tears and sighs afresh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son,
But passion diff'rent ways Achilles turns,
Now he Patroclus, now his father mourns;
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF
ANDROMACHE, HECUBA, and HELEN,
Over the dead Body of HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of HOMER,

Beginning at this Line,

Ἦδ' οὖν δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκιδνατο πᾶσαν ἐν' αἶαν.

Connection of this with the former Translation.

- " Priam at last moves Achilles to compassion, and, after
- " having made him presents of great value, obtains the
- " body of his son. Mercury awakes Priam early in the
- " morning, and advises him to haste away with the
- " body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being
- " in the camp: He himself helps to harness the mules
- " and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise,
- " chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then
- " flies up to Heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel
- " on with the body toward Troy."

NOW did the saffron morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;

The mules beneath the mangled body go,
 As bearing, now, unusual weight of woe.
 To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
 Thence she afar the sad procession spies :
 Her father and Idæus first appear,
 Then Hector's corps extended on a bier ;
 At which her boundless grief loud cries began,
 And, thus lamenting, thro' the streets she ran :
 " Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all !
 " Behold the godlike Hector's funeral !
 " If e'er you went with joy to see him come,
 " Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels, home,
 " Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
 " What once was all your joy, now all your misery !"
 She spake, and straight the numerous crowd obey'd,
 Nor man nor woman in the city stay'd ;
 Common consent of grief had made 'em one,
 With clam'rous moan to Scæa's gate they run,
 There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
 Which they with loud and fresh lamentings greet.
 His rev'rend mother and his tender wife,
 Equal in love, in grief had equal strife :
 In sorrow they no moderation knew,
 But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew ;
 There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
 Attempted first his breathless corps to reach :
 Aloud they beat their breasts, and tore their hair,
 Rending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.
 Now had the throng of people stop'd the way,
 Who would have there lamented all the day,
 But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake,
 " Trojans, enough ; truce with your sorrows make ;

" Give way to me, and yield the chariot room ;

" First let me bear my Hector's body home.

" Then mourn your fill." At this the croud gave way,
Yielding, like waves of a divided sea.

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
With care the body on a sumptuous bed,
And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
Their moan ; All in a chorus did agree
Of universal mournful harmony.

When, first, Andromache her passion broke.

And thus, close pressing his pale cheeks, she spoke.

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

O my lost husband ! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn :
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in ashes must with them be laid.

Why is my heart thus miserably torn !
Why am I thus distress'd ! Why thus forlorn !
Am I that wretched thing, a widow, left ?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft !
Yet I were blest, were I alone undone ;
Alas, my child ! where can an infant run ?
Unhappy orphan ! thou in woes art nurs'd ;
Why were you born !——I am with blessings curst !
For, long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,
Wide desolation will lay waste this town :
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live ?

Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care ?
 Who save her children from the rage of war ?
 For He to all father and husband was,
 And all are orphans now, and widows by his loss.
 Soon will the Grecians, now, insulting come,
 And bear us captives to their distant home ;
 I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
 And all, alike, be pris'ners of the war ;
 'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
 And be to some inhuman lord a slave.
 Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd
 Or for an only son, or father kill'd
 By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
 And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage ;
 For many fell by his relentless hand,
 Biting that ground, which with their blood was stain'd.

Fierce was thy father, O my child, in war,
 And never did his foe in battle spare ;
 Thence come these suff'rings, which so much have cost,
 Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
 I saw him not, when in the pangs of death,
 Nor did my lips receive his latest breath ;
 Why held he not to me his dying hand ?
 And why receiv'd not I his last command ?
 Something he would have said, had I been there,
 Which I should still in sad remembrance bear ;
 For I could never, never words forget,
 Which night and day I should with tears repeat.

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
 A gen'ral sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.
 Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd
 With boiling passions in her aged breast,

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 135

Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

Hector, my joy, and to my soul more dear
Than all my other num'rous issue were ;
O my last comfort, and my best belov'd !
Thou, at whose fall ev'n Jove himself was mov'd,
And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high heav'n's peculiar care !
From fierce Achilles chains thy corps was freed ;
So kind a fate was for none else decreed :
My other sons, made pris'ners by his hands,
Were sold like slaves, and shipt to foreign lands.
Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain ;
Since all could not restore his life again.
Now fresh and glowing, even in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart.

Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,
And universal moan again was made ;
When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,
And thus aloud that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
No brother there had half so large a part !

186 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,
 Since first I landed on the Trojan shore;
 Since I with godlike Paris fled from home;
 Wou'd I had dy'd before that day had come!
 In all which time, so gentle was thy mind,
 I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
 Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
 Which I too often have from others borne.
 But you from their reproach still set me free,
 And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
 If by my sisters, and the queen revil'd,
 For the good king, like you, was ever mild
 Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.
 Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
 Who had no friend alive, but you alone;
 All will reproach me now, where'er I pass,
 And fly with horror from my hated face.

This said; she wept, and the vast throng was mov'd,
 And with a general sigh her grief approv'd.
 When Priam, who had heard the mourning croud,
 Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud.

“ Cease your lamenting, Trojans, for a while,
 “ And fell down trees to build a fun’ral pile;
 “ Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
 “ For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.”

He spake, and all obey’d as with one mind,
 Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join’d;
 Forth from the city all the people went,
 And nine days space was in that labor spent;
 The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
 And on the top the martyr Hector laid,

Then gave it fire ; while all with weeping eyes
 Beheld the rolling flames and smoak arise.
 All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd ;
 But when the rosy morn with day return'd,
 About the pile the thronging people came,
 And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
 His brothers then, and friends search'd ev'ry where,
 And gath'ring up his snowy bones with care,
 Wept o'er 'em ; when an urn of gold was brought,
 Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
 In which the sacred ashes were inter'd,
 Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
 Mean time strong guards were plac'd and careful spies,
 To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprize.
 The work once ended, all the vast resort
 Of mourning people went to Priam's court ;
 There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
 Ending the fun'ral with a solemn feast.

P A R A P H R A S E
U P O N
H O R A C E.
O D E XIX. LIB. I.

Mater sæva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant queen of soft desires,
-With the resistless aid of spritely wine
And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And re-admit love's long rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames so long repell'd with double force return :
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light ;
Her very coyness warms ;
And with a grateful fullness she charms :
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays,
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

2 A S II. 1 A T 3

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins;
 At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!
 Cyprus no more with her abode is blest,
 I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
 Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
 Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
 And make rough war their sport;
 Such idle themes no more can move,
 Nor any thing but what's of high import,
 And what's of high import, but love?
 Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
 With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
 After our sacrifice and pray'r,
 The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

Eheu Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur Anni, &c.

I.

A H! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.

Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy

One moment tow'rd eternity.

Eternity! that boundless race,

Which Time himself can never run:

(Swift as he flies with an unweary'd pace)

Which, when ten thousand thousand years are done,

Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe

A short extent to the most lasting breath;

And tho' thou cou'd'st for sacrifice lay down

Millions of other lives to save thy own,

'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe

One supernumerary gasp from death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store
 Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r ;
 Thy honors, titles, all must fail,
 Where piety itself can nought avail.
 The rich, the great, the innocent and just,
 Must all be huddled to the grave,
 With the most vile and ignominious slave,
 And undistinguished lie in dust.
 In vain the fearful flies alarms,
 In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
 In vain avoids the faithless seas,
 And is confin'd to home and ease,
 Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
 In vain are all those arts we try,
 All our evasions, and regret to die :
 From the contagion of mortality,
 No clime is pure, no air is free ;
 And no retreat
 Is so obscure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou must, alas ! thou must, my friend ;
 (The very hour, thou now dost spend
 In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
 Thou must forego the dearest joys of life ;
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
 And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
 All must be left, and all be lost ;
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,

Shall not afford
 Room for the stinking carcass of its lord,
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots and bow'rs,
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,
 Nought shalt thou save;
 Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
 To wither with thee in the grave:
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
 Their transitory master dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir,
 A joyful mourning wear;
 And riot in the waste of that estate,
 Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.
 All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
 And set at large thy captive gold.
 That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
 To vaults and prisons, shall again be free:
 Bury'd alive tho' now it lyes,
 Again shall rise,
 Again its sparkling surface show,
 And free as element profusely flow.
 With such high food he shall set forth his feasts
 That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;
 And pamper'd prelates see
 Themselves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold ! how chill the air !

How naked does the world appear !

But see (big with the offspring of the north)

The teeming clouds bring forth :

A show'r of soft and fleecy rain

Falls, to new-cloath the earth again.

Behold the mountain-tops, around,

As if with fur of ermins crown'd :

And lo ! how by degrees

The universal mantle hides the trees

In hoary flakes, which downward fly,

As if it were the Autumn of the sky :

Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow,

Like aged limbs, which feebly go

Beneath a venerable head of snow.

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,

Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,

And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.

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Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air ;
 Let cheerful fire Sol's feeble beams repair ;
 Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine ;
 Let's drink, 'till our own faces shine,
 'Till we like suns appear,
 To light and warm the hemisphere.
 Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
 They are with wine incorporate :
 That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
 Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix ;
 Let that but in abundance flow,
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
 'Tis heav'n's concern ; and let it be
 The care of heav'n still, for me.
 These winds, which rend the oaks and plough the seas,
 Great Jove can, if he please,
 With one commanding nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;
 That is not ours, which is to come.
 The present moment's all our store ;
 The next should heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more,
 So all our life is but one instant NOW.
 Look on each day you've past
 To be a mighty treasure won :
 And lay each moment out in haste ;
 We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon.

Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid age will fly.
The flow'rs that flourish in the spring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now love, that everlasting boy, invites
To revel, while you may, in soft delights :
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet,
To gloomy groves and shades obscure she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes.

Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites, and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if y'are rude ;
Then from her ravisher she flies,

But flies to be pursu'd :
If from his sight she does herself convey,
With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way.

S O N G.

I.

I LOOK'D, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I cou'd speak,
 And very fain would have been at her;
 But when I strove most my great passion to break,
 Still then I said least of the matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I wou'd try
 Some way my poor heart to recover:
 But that was all vain, for I sooner cou'd die,
 Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia be kind then; and since your own eyes
 By looks can command adoration,
 Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
 Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither shou'd speak,
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
 And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
 A very good end of this wooing.

THE
RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

O D E.

To all the sex deceitful
A long and last adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear,
The joys they give, if any,
Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now repenting
Her breach of assignation,
Arriv'd with eyes consenting
And sparkling inclination.

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Like Citherea smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his passion;
The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this recantation.

P A L I N O D E.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair!
Women wise encrease desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.

A B S E N C E.

A L A S! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!
In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
Save me from absence, love, or let me die.

S O N G.

F A L S E though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last;
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

For TWO WOMEN.

I.

I LOVE, and am belov'd again,
 Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
 I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
 And t' all my coyness bid adieu.

II.

I love, and am belov'd again,
 Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
 I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
 But, when I yield, I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.

2. And both will tire with often tasting,

When they find the bliss not lasting.

1. Love is complete in kind possessing.

2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we consent,
 Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;

'Tis ignorance makes men admire:

And granting desire,

We feed not the fire,

But make it more quickly expire.

S O N G.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
 That Cloe's false and common:
 I always knew, at least believ'd,
 She was a very woman;
 As such, I lik'd, as such, carefs'd,
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She could do more for no man.

II.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
 And that you think a hard thing.
 Perhaps, she fancy'd you the man,
 And what care I one farthing?
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
 I take her body, you her mind,
 Who has the better bargain?

T H E P E T I T I O N.

GRANT me, gentle love, said I,
 One dear blessing ere I die;
 Long I've borne excess of pain,
 Let me now some bliss obtain.
 Thus to almighty love I cry'd,
 When, angry, thus the god reply'd.

Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave?
Cease, fond mortal, to implore;
For love, love himself's no more.

S O N G.

CRUEL Amynta, can you see
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me;
But through your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles:
No wretches are so lost as they,
Whom much security beguiles.

S O N G.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united, day they give,
 But different fates ere night fulfil;
 How many by his warmth will live!
 How many will her coldness kill!

Occasioned on a LADY's having writ VERSES in
 Commendation of a POEM which was written
 in Praise of another LADY.

HARD is the task, and bold th' advent'rous flight
 Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;
 For, when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
 'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
 And he, who praising beauty, does no wrong,
 May boast to be successful in his song:
 But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
 And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,
 His wide ambition knows no further bound,
 Nor can his muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

E P I G R A M.

Written after the Decease of Mrs. ARABELLA
 HUNT, under her Picture drawn playing on
 a Lute.

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
 Another hand so bless'd with skill divine!
 The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
 And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

S O N G.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to pray'ⁿ,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears.
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

A

H Y M N TO H A R M O N Y.

IN H O N O U R O F

St. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

Set to Music by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

OHARMONY, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praise,
All hail to thee,
All-pow'rful Harmony!

Wise nature owns thy undisputed sway,
 Her wond'rous works resigning to thy care :
 The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
 And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
 Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

C H O R U S.

All hail to thee,
 All-pow'rful Harmony !

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
 Could penetrate th' abyss profound,
 Explore the realms of ancient night,
 And search the living source of unborn light,
 Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
 And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
 Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
 To this fair form of heav'n and earth ;
 Then all those shining worlds above
 In mystic dance began to move
 Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
 A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

Confusion heard thy voice and fled,
 And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

III.

Thou only, goddess, first cou'd'st tell
 The mighty charms in numbers found ;
 And did'st to heav'nly minds reveal
 The secret force of tuneful sound.

When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
 Thou did'st the god inspire ;
 When first the vocal shell he strung,
 To which the muses sung :

Then first the muses sung ; melodious strains Apollo play'd,
 And music first begun by thy auspicious aid.

Hark, hark, again Urania sings !
 Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings !
 And see, the list'ning deities around
 Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

C H O R U S.

Hark, hark, again Urania sings !
 Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings !
 And see, the list'ning deities around
 Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

IV.

Descend, Urania, heav'nly fair !
 To the relief of this afflicted world repair ;
 See how with various woes oppress'd,
 The wretched race of men is worn ;
 Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
 Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
 Or by conflicting passions torn.
 Reason in vain employs her aid,
 The furious will on fancy waits ;
 While reason, still by hopes or fears betray'd,
 Too late advances, or too soon retreats.
 The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the pow'rful song, ye sacred nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In ev'ry breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring:
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring?
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 207

See, see, the battle is prepar'd !
Behold the hero comes !
Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard ;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

C H O R U S.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes
Her parting lover mourn ;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing past delights,
That may no more, no never more return.
O soothe her cares
With softest, sweetest airs,
'Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No, never to be parted more.

C H O R U S.

Let victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No, never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heav'nly fair !
 Now to thy native skies repair,
 And rule again the starry sphere,
 Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
 To ease the world of care.
 Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd !
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and laurel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies ;
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal music never dies.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd,
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,
 And at her feet lay down
 His golden harp and laurel crown.
 The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies ;
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
 And lasting as her name,
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,
 Th' immortal music never dies.

V E R S E S

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE, LADY GETHIN.

Occasioned by reading her Book, Intitl'd

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,
The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whose lives exceed the space,
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die, before they've learn'd to live,
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live, so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
At all that study, or that time can teach.

But to what height must his amazement rise!
 When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
 Again to view the foremost op'ning page,
 And there the beauty, sex and tender age
 Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
 Th' Æthereal source from whence this current flows!

When prodigies appear, our reason fails,
 And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
 Some heav'nly minister we straight conclude,
 Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
 To make a short abode on earth, was sent,
 (Where no perfection can be permanent)
 And having left her bright example here,
 Was quick recal'd, and bid to disappear.
 Whether around the throne eternal hymns
 She sings, amid the choir of seraphims;
 Or some refulgent star informs, and guides,
 Where she, the blest intelligence, presides,
 It's not for us to know, who here remain;
 For 'twere as impious to inquire, as vain;
 And all we ought, or can, in this dark state,
 Is what we have admir'd to imitate.

E P I T A P H

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, of Stanton
Harcourt, Esq; and ROBERT his Son.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and son, together laid;
Whose living virtues shall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.
What man shou'd be, to ripeness grown;
And finish'd worth shou'd do, or shun;
At full was in the father shown;
What youth cou'd promise, in the son.

But death, obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect fruit, and op'ning bud:
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

To MR. DRYDEN.

On his TRANSLATION of PERSIUS.

AS when of old heroic story tells
Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
'Till future time the destin'd hero send,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end;

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Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark pœsy.

Those fullen clouds, which have for ages past,
O'er Persius' too-long suff'ring muse been cast,
Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen:
Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The god of music, and poetic fires:
Else, whence proceeds this great surprise of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!

Our wonder now does our past folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So, unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred oracles, in mysteries.
Persius, before, in small esteem was had,
Unless, what to antiquity is paid;
But like apocrypha, with scruple read,
(So far, our ignorance our faith misled)
'Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin, which bears some awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass:
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,
To you, we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old Stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
And as before, for Persius, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.

For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal;
But, thro' your skill, from those small seeds of fire,
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The design of this satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans, in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from invitation, which he here makes to his friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shews us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons; with the manner and courses, which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill

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of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men, in former ages : To which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present ; attributing to the latter a visible remissness, in the care of heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at feasts, and, by the bye, touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend ; advising him, in one particular somewhat freely, to a neglect of all cares and disquiets, for the present ; and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

IF noble [1] Atticus make splendid feasts,
And with expensive food indulge his guests ;
His wealth and quality support the treat :
Nor is it luxury in him, but state :

But when poor [2] Rutilus spends all he's worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth ;
'Tis downright madness ; for what greater jests
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feasts ?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.

A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good ;
Urg'd [3] by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice :

'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,
That end debasing, for which arms were made ;
Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.

Many there are of the same [4.] wretched kind,
 Whom their despairing creditors may find
 Lorking in shambles; where with borrow'd coin
 They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
 Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
 But that one brutal reason why they live.
 And yet, what's more ridiculous, of these
 The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
 And he, whose thin transparent rags declare,
 How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
 Wou'd ransack ev'ry element for choice
 Of ev'ry fish and fowl, at any price;
 If, brought from far, it very dear has cost,
 It has a flavor then, which pleases most,
 And he devours it with a greater gust.

In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
 And, that exhausted, still new pledges gives;
 Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,
 He comes to pawn his dish, to buy his meat.
 Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
 Not what his mother's sacred image bears;
 The broken [5] relic he with speed devours,
 As he wou'd all the rest of's ancestors,
 If wrought in gold, or if, exposed to sale,
 They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
 Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 The stings of hunger, soon, and want he feels;
 And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to serve
 Fencers, for miserable scraps, or sturge.

Imagine now, you see a plenteous feast:
 The question is at whose expence 'tis dress'd.

In great [6] Ventidius we the bounty prize;
 In Rutilus the vanity despise.
 Strange ignorance! that the same man, who knows,
 How far yond' mount above this mole-hill shows,
 Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,
 Between small incomes and a vast estate!
 From heav'n to mortals, sure, that rule was sent,
 Of "Know thyself," and by some god was meant
 To be our never-erring pilot here,
 Through all the various courses which we steer.
 Thirfites, [7] tho' the most presumptuous Greek,
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak;
 When scarce [8] Ulysses had a good pretence,
 With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
 Who-e'er attempts weak causes to support,
 Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
 And not mistake strong lungs and impudence
 For harmony of words, and force of sense;
 "Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
 "A wise man's pow'r's the limit of his will."
 If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
 Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
 And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
 To which necessity confines thy price.
 Well may they fear some miserable end
 Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
 Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd All,
 Both land and stock, int'rest and principal:
 Well may they fear, at length vile [9] Pollio's fate,
 Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;
 And, tho' a knight, 'mongst common slaves now stands,
 Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands,

Sure sudden death to such shou'd welcome be
 On whom each added year heaps misery,
 Scorn, poverty, reproach and infamy.
 But there are steps in villany, which these
 Observe to tread, and follow by degrees.
 Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
 Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
 But that and their small stock of credit gone,
 Left Rome should grow too warm, from thence they run:
 For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
 For debt and roguery to quit the town,
 Than in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
 From crowds, and noise, and bus'ness to retreat.
 One only grief such fugitives can find;
 Reflecting on the pleasures left behind;
 The plays and loose diversions of the place,
 But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
 Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
 "That out of count'nance virtue's fled from earth;"
 Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
 She's with [10] Astræa gone, not to return.

This day, my [11] Persicus, thou shalt perceive,
 Whether myself I keep those rules I give;
 Or else, an unsuspected glutton live:
 If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize
 In public, yet in private gormandize.
 Evander's [12] feast reviv'd to-day thou'lt see,
 The poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be
 Alcides [13] and Æneas both to me.
 Mean time, I send you now your bill of fare;
 Be not surpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:

For nothing from the shambles I provide,
 But from my own small farm the tend'rest kid,
 And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
 That ne'er had nourishment, but from the teat;
 No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
 Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.
 Next that shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
 Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly country maid.
 The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
 Together with the hens which laid 'em, dress;
 Clusters of grapes, preserv'd for half a year,
 Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
 Apples of a ripe flavor, fresh and fair;
 Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
 Mellow'd by winter from their cruder juice,
 Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this wou'd have been, heretofore,
 Accounted riot in a senator:
 When the good [14] Curius thought it no disgrace,
 With his own hands, a few small herbs to dress;
 And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
 Which fetter'd slaves wou'd now disdain to taste;
 For scarce a slave, but has to dinner, now,
 The well-dress'd [15] paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But, heretofore, 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
 On birth-days, festivals, or days of state,
 A salt, dry sitch of bacon to prepare:
 If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
 Which rarely happen'd: And 'twas highly priz'd,
 If [16] ought was left of what they sacrific'd,
 To entertainments of this kind wou'd come
 The worthiest, and the greatest men in Rome:

Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen
 But those, who had at least thrice [17] Consuls been;
 Or the [18] dictator's office had discharg'd,
 And now, from honorable toil enlarg'd,
 Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
 Humbling themselves to those they might command.
 Then might you've seen the good old gen'ral haste,
 Before th' appointed [19] hour, to such a feast;
 His spade aloft as 'twere in triumph held,
 Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
 'Twas then, when pious consuls bore the sway,
 And vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
 Our [20] censors then were subject to the law,
 "Ev'n pow'r itself of justice stood in awe."
 It was not, then, a Roman's anxious thought,
 Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought,
 Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
 And shining jewels to adorn his [21] bed,
 That he at vast expence might loll his head.
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
 The soldier then, in [22] Grecian arts unskill'd,
 Returning rich with plunder from the field;
 If cups of silver, or of gold, he brought,
 With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious trappings straight the plate he turn'd,
 And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd;
 Or else a helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
 The Roman wolf, suckling the [23] twins was there,
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,

Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
 As threatening death to each resisting foe.
 No use of silver, but in arms, was known,
 Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
 No side-boards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
 No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
 Expensive riot was not understood,
 But earthen platters held their homely food.
 'Who wou'd not envy them that age of bliss,
 That sees with shame the luxury of this?
 "Heav'n, unwearied then, did blessings pour,
 "And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
 "Mankind were then familiar with the god,
 "He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod;
 "And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
 "Had we not left him for that idol, gold.
 "His golden [24] statues hence the god have driv'n:
 "For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n
 " 'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to heav'n." }
 Woods of our own afforded tables then,
 Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.
 Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
 But let it on an oaken board be set
 His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
 Either your ven'son's rank, or [25] ointments stink.
 Order some other table to be brought,
 Something, at great expence in India bought,
 Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
 Carv'd on rich pedestals of [26] Ivory:

He finds no more of that offensive smell,
 The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
 An iv'ry table is a certain whet;
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
 As if new vigor to his teeth were sent,
 By sympathy from those o'th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me:
 Riot agrees not with frugality;
 Then that unfashionable man am I,
 With me they'd starve, for want of ivory;
 For not one inch does my whole house afford,
 Not in my very tables, or chiefs board;
 Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
 Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
 Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
 Any unsav'ry haut-goust from the haft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
 You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
 No sew'rs, nor dextrous carvers have I got,
 Such as by skilful [27] Trypherus are taught:
 In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
 Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o'th' air;
 And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
 How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
 While all the neighbours are with noise oppress'd,
 From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.
 On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
 On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
 At once my carver, and my [28] Ganymede;
 With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
 And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.

222 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

No beauteous boys I keep, from [29] Phrygia brought,
 No Catamites, by shameful Pandars taught:
 Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
 Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
 Alike in feature both and garb appear
 With honest faces, though with uncus'd hair.
 This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
 For I have dress'd 'em both to wait on thee.
 Of country swains they both were born, and one
 My ploughman's is, t'other my shepherd's son;
 A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
 And innocence unartful in his face:
 Tho' sometimes sadness will o'er-cast the joy,
 And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
 His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
 And with his eyes look wishes to return,
 Longing to see his tender kids again,
 And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain;
 A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
 Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
 Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
 The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
 But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
 This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
 And only he with wine shall serve my friend;
 With wine from his own country brought, and made
 From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
 He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
 With am'rous songs and [30] wanton dances grac'd;
 Where spritely females, to the middle bare,
 Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;

Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
 And twine and bound, as in the rage of love.
 Such fights the languid nerves to action stir,
 And jaded lust springs forward with this spur,
 Virtue [31] would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
 Which husbands, now, do with their wives behold;
 A needful help to make 'em both approve
 The dry embraces of long wedded love.
 In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
 And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
 But she, who by her sex's charter must
 Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
 Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
 Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
 With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
 With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
 Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes. }
 But this becomes not me, nor my estate;
 These are the vicious follies of the great.
 Let him, who does on ivory tables dine,
 Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine;
 Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
 Which, or to see, or hear, the lowliest slave,
 The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
 With bashful indignation won'd refuse.
 But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
 What's vice in me, is only mirth in him;
 The fruits, which murder, cards, or dice afford,
 A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd, }
 Are laudable diversions in a lord.
 But my poor entertainment is design'd
 To afford you pleasures of another kind:

324 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines, and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Tho', which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're sung,
Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears, and, while you may,
To peace and soft repose give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill
Be free, be all uneasy passions still.

What tho' thy wife do with the morning light,
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,
And, having quench'd her flame, come breathless home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in sin, still burning with desire:
Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free from night-alarms,
You must seem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her, the last of twenty, to your arms.

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adul'try, with the servant's theft;
And, (the most racking thought, which can intrude)
Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While [32] Megalensian shows are in the [33] Circus seen:

There, to the bane of horses, in high state
 The [34] prætor sits on a triumphal seat;
 Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,
 As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
 This day all Rome, if I may be allow'd,
 Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,
 To say all Rome, will in the Circus sweat;
 Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
 Methinks I hear the cry—"Away, away;
 "The [35] Green have won the honor of the day."

Oh, should these sports be but one year forborn,
 Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
 For that would now a cause of [36] sorrow yield,
 Great as the loss of [37] Cannæ's fatal field.
 Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
 But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.
 On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
 While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
 Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
 And live this day devoted to our ease.
 Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
 Nor need we now the common [38] censure fear:
 On festivals, it is allow'd no crime,
 To bathe and eat before the usual time;
 But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
 Nor could you thus a week together live;
 For frequent use would the delight exclude:
 "Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursu'd."

EXPLANATORY NOTES

ON THE

FOREGOING SATIRE.

1 **ATTICUS.** The name of a very eminent person in Rome: But here it is meant to signify any one of great wealth and quality.

2 **Rutilus.** One who, by his own extravagant gluttony, was at length reduced to the most shameful degree of poverty. This, likewise, is here made use of as a common name to all beggarly gluttons, such whose unreasonable appetites remain after their estates are consumed.

3 “Urg’d by no pow’r, restrain’d by no advice.” Sometimes persons were compelled, by the tyranny of Nero, to practise the trade of fencing, and to fight upon the stage, for his inhuman diversion; otherwise, seldom any but common slaves or condemned malefactors were so employed: Which made it the greater reflection on any person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own extravagance, for a livelihood, like Rutilus, applied himself to that wretched trade.

“Restrained by no advice.”

Hinting, that though he was not compelled to such a practice of fencing; yet it was a shame that he was suffered to undertake it, and not advised, or commanded by the magistracy, to the contrary.

4. "Of the same wretched kind," viz.
Reduced to poverty by riotous living.

5. "The broken relic."
Broken, or defaced; that it might not be discovered to be his mother's picture, when expos'd to sale.

6. Ventidius. A noble Roman, who lived hospitably.

7. Therfites. An impudent, deformed, ill-tongued fellow, as Homer describes him; Iliad 2. who accompanied the Grecian army to the siege of Troy: where he took a privilege often to rail and snarl at the commanders. Some relate, that at last Achilles, for his sawciness, killed him with a blow of his fist. Therefore we are not to understand Juvenal, here, as relating a matter of fact; but Therfites is used here, to signify any body of the same kind; as before, Atticus and Rutilus. The meaning is, that such as he ought not, neither would he, had he been present, have presumed to oppose Ajax and Ulysses in contending for Achilles his armour. See his character admirably improved by Mr. Dryden, in his tragedy of Truth found too late.

8. Ulysses. The most eloquent of all the Grecian princes. After Achilles's death, Ajax, a famed Grecian warrior, pretended to his armour; Ulysses opposed him, before a council of war, and by his admirable eloquence obtained the prize. Ovid. Metam. 13.

9. Pollio. Brought to that pass, by his gluttony, that he was forced to sell his ring, the mark of honor and distinction worn by the Roman knights.

10. Astræa. The goddess of Justice, whom the poets feign to have fled to heaven after the golden age.
"Ultima cœlestium terras astræa reliquit." Ovid.

11. Persicus. Juvenal's friend, to whom he makes an invitation, and addresses this satire.

12. *Evander*. A prince of Arcadia, who, unluckily killing his father, forsook his country, and came into Italy; settling in that place, where afterwards Rome was built. *Virgil Æn.* 8. tells us that he entertained both *Hercules* and *Æneas*, when he was in a low condition.

13. *Alcides*. *Hercules*, so called from his grand-father *Alcæus*.

14. *Curius Dentatus*. A great man who had been three times consul of Rome, and had triumphed over many kings; yet as great an example of temperance as courage.

15. A dish in great esteem among the Romans.
“—Nil vulva pulchrius ampla.” *Horat.*

16. If they kill'd a sacrifice, and any flesh remained to spare, it was prized as an accidental rarity.

17. *Consul*. By the tyranny of *Tarquinius Superbus*, the last Roman king, the very name of king became hateful to the people. After his expulsion, they assembled, and resolved to commit the government, for the future, into the hands of two persons, who were to be chosen every year a-new, and whom they called consuls.

18. *Dictator*. Was a general chosen upon some emergent occasion; his office was limited for six months; which time expired (if occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new election. The dictator differed in nothing from a king, but in his name, and the duration of his authority: His power being full as great, but his name not so hateful to the Romans.

19. “Before th’ appointed hour.”
It was accounted greediness, and shameful, to eat before the usual hour, which was their ninth hour; and our three a clock, afternoon. But upon festival days, it was permitted

them to prevent the ordinary hour; and always excusable in old people.

20 Censors. Were two great officers, part of whose business was to inspect the lives and manners of men; they had power to degrade knights and exclude senators, when guilty of great misdemeanors. And in former days they were so strict, that they stood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the Romans eating, was to lie upon beds or couches about the table, which formerly were made of plain wood, but afterwards, at great expence, adorned with tortoise-shells, pearls, and ivory.

22 Grecian Arts. The Romans copied their luxury from the Greeks; the imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the French among us. Which occasions this saying, with so much indignation in our poet, Sat. 3.

“ — Non possum ferre, Quirites,

“ Græcam Urbem” —

23 Romulus and Remus. Twins, and founders of the Roman empire; who, the poets feign, were nursed by a wolf: The woman's name being Lupa.

24 Formerly the statues of the gods were made of clay: But now of gold. Which extravagance was displeasing even to the gods themselves.

25 The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet ointments, at their feasts, immediately after bathing.

26 Ivory was in great esteem among them, and preferred to silver.

27 Trypherus. There were in Rome, professors of the art of carving; who taught publicly in schools. Of this kind Trypherus was the most famous.

28 Ganymede. Cup-bearer.

29 Phrygia. Whence pretty boys were brought to Rome, and sold publicly in the markets, to vile uses.

30 An usual part of the entertainment, when great men feasted, to have wanton women dance after a lascivious manner.

31 "Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,

"Which husbands, now, do with their wives behold."

These lines in Juvenal,

"Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,

"Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem præsentibus ipsis."

in some late editions, are placed nearer the latter end of this satire: And in the order of this translation, would so have follow'd, after line 349, viz.

"Such shows as these were not for us design'd,

"But vig'rous youths to active sports inclin'd."

But I have continued them in this place after Lubin. Besides the example of the learned Holyday for the same position; agreeing better here, in my mind, with the sense both before and after. For the Megalensian games, consisting chiefly of Races, and such like exercises; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cause of shame lay in female spectators: But it was a manifest immodesty for them to lye by their husbands, and see the lewd actions of their own sex, in the manner described.

32 Megalensian Shows. Games in honour of Cybele, the mother of the gods. She was called *Μηγάλη μήτηρ*, Magna Mater, and from thence these games Megalensia, or Ludi Megalenses; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six days.

33 Circus. The place where those games were celebrated.

34 Prætor. An officer not unlike our mayor or sheriff.

He was to oversee these sports, and sate in great state, while they were acting; to the destruction of many horses, which were spoiled in running the races.

35 "The Green have won the honor of the day."
In running the races in the Circus, with horses in chariots, there were four distinct factions, known by their liveries: Which were green, a kind of a russet red, white, and blue. One of these factions was always favored by the court, and at this time probably the green. Which makes our poet fancy he hears the shouts, for joy of their party. Afterward Domitian added two more, the golden and purple factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate fondness the Romans had for such shows.

37 Cannæ. A small town, near which Hannibal obtained a great victory over the Romans: In that battle were slain 40000 men, and so many gentlemen, that he sent three bushels full of rings to Carthage, as a token of his victory.

38 See the note at fig. 19.

P R O L O G U E

T O

Q U E E N M A R Y.

U P O N

Her Majesty's coming to see the OLD BATCHELOR,
after having seen the DOUBLE-DEALER.

BY this repeated act of grace, we see,
Wit is again the care of majesty;
And while thus honor'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres;
Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.
Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell:
But this we know, our audience will excel:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen
So fair a circle, and so bright a queen.

Long has the muses' land been over-cast,
And many rough and stormy winters past;
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light:
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 233

So does it still through opposition grow,
 As if its root was warmer kept by snow;
 But when ~~shot~~ forth, then draws the danger near,
 On ev'ry side the gath'ring winds appear,
 And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts wou'd spare. }
 But now, new vigor and new life it knows,
 And warmth, that from this royal presence flows.
 O wou'd she shine with rays more frequent here !
 How gay wou'd, then, this drooping land appear !
 Then, like the sun, with pleasure she might view,
 The smiling earth, cloath'd by her beams anew.
 O'er all the meads, shou'd various flow'rs be seen
 Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green, }
 The new creation of a gracious queen.

E P I L O G U E.

A T T H E

Opening of the QUEEN'S THEATRE in the
 HAY-MARKET, with an Italian Pastoral :
 Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

WHATEVER future fate our house may find,
 At present we expect you shou'd be kind :
 Inconstancy itself can claim no right,
 Before enjoyment and the wedding night.

234 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

You must be fix'd a little ere you range,
 You must be true 'till you have time to change.
 A week at least; one night is sure too soon:
 But we pretend not to a honey moon.
 To novelty we know you can be true,
 But what alas! or who, is always new?

This day, without presumption, we pretend
 With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
 For not alone our house and scenes are new,
 Our song and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
 Our play itself has something in't uncommon,
 Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.
 In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing,
 Of harmless loves our painted forests ring
 In notes, perhaps less foreign than the Thing.
 To sound and show at first we make pretence,
 In time we may regale you with some sense,
 But that at present were too great expence.
 We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
 To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd:
 But, in good breeding, sure they'll once excuse
 Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger muse.
 The day's at hand, when we shall shift the scene,
 And to yourselves shew your dear selves again;
 Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,
 And in bold strokes the vicious town display.

P R O L O G U E

T O

PYRRHUS KING OF EIRUS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
 For fighting, now, is thought the weakest part;
 And a good head, more useful than a heart,
 This way of war, does our example yield;
 That stage will win, which longest keeps the field.
 We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
 But starving one another to compliance.
 Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
 And those, which first are hungry, are subdu'd.
 And there, in truth, depends the great decision:
 They conquer, who cut off the foe's provision.
 Let fools, with knocks and bruises, keep a pother;
 Our war and trade is to outwit each other.
 But, hold: Will not the politicians tell us,
 That both our conduct, and our foresight fail us,
 To raise recruits, and draw new forces down,
 Thus, in the dead vacation of the town?
 To muster up our rhimes, without our reason,
 And forage for an audience out of season?
 Our author's fears must this false step excuse;
 'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd muse:
 Th' occasion ta'en, when critics are away;
 Half wits and beaux, those rav'nous birds of prey.

236 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

But, heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
 Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
 Thus does our author his first flight commence ;
 Thus, against friends at first with foils we fence :
 Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
 (Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.
 Then spare the youth : Or, if you'll damn the play,
 Let him but first have his, then take your, day.

E P I L O G U E

T O

O R O O N O K O.

SPOKEN BY MRS. VERBRUGGEN.

YOU see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
 To tempt your favors, and regain your hearts.
 We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
 Like rain and sunshine mixt, in April weather.
 Your different tastes divide our poet's cares :
 One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears :
 Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't.
 Like Volscius hip-hop, in a single boot.
 Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books :
 [But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.

Tho' errant-knights of late no favor find,
 Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
 To follow fame, knights-errant make profession :
 We damsels fly, to save our reputation :
 So they their valour show, we, our discretion.
 To lands of monsters, and fierce beasts they go,
 We to those islands where rich husbands grow :
 Tho' they're no monsters, we may make 'em so.
 If they're of English growth, they'll bear't with patience :
 But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations !
 Then bless your stars, you happy London wives,
 Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives ;
 Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
 Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.
 Death with a husband ne'er had shewn such charms,
 Had she once dy'd within a lover's arms.
 Her error was from ignorance proceeding :
 Poor soul ! she wanted some of our town breeding.
 Forgive the Indian's fondness of her spouse ;
 Their law no christian liberty allows :
 Alas ! they make a conscience of their vows !
 If virtue in a heathen be a fault ;
 Then damn the heathen school, where she was taught.
 She might have learnt to cuckold, jilt and sham,
 Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

P R O L O G U E
 TO THE
 HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

A COMEDY written by Mr. J. DRYDEN, Junior.

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
 For blooming poets, and for blasted plays.
 We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
 At once both tantaliz'd, and over-stock'd.
 Our authors too, by their success of late,
 Begin to think third days are out of date.
 What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep,
 Unless they have a rot some years like sheep?
 For our parts, we confess we're quite asham'd
 To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
 Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
 When christ'nings fall, and funerals increase
 Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be, when we are dead,
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things?
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
 Let not your spleen provoke you to that height,
 'Od life you don't know what you do, sirs, when you write.
 You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,
 Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
 Ladies and all, I'faith, now get astride.
 Contriving characters, and scenes and plots,
 Is grown as common now, as knitting knots;

With the same ease, and negligence of thought,
 The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
 Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
 When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade :
 Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd stop,
 But shou'd they write, we must e'en shut up shop.
 How shall we make this mode of writing sink ?
 A mode, said I ? 'tis a disease, I think, }
 A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
 For still it spreads, 'till each th'infection takes,
 And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.
 Our play to-day is sprung from none of these, }
 Nor should you damn it, tho' it does not please,
 Since born without the bounds of your four seas.
 For if you grant no favor, as 'tis new,
 Yet, as a stranger, there is something due :
 From Rome, to try its fate, this play was sent ;
 Start not at Rome, for there's no popery meant ;
 Tho' there the poet may his dwelling chuse,
 Yet still he knows his country claims his muse.
 Hither an off'ring his first-born he sends,
 Whose good, or ill success, on you depends.
 Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown, }
 As due to greater merit than his own,
 And begs the fire may for the son atone.
 There's his last refuge, if the play don't take,
 Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

P R O L O G U E

TO THE COURT,

On the QUEEN's BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

THE happy muse, to this high scene prefer'd,
 Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard;
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
 Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame.
 No longer shall she toil upon the stage,
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage;
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
 And shapes, she wou'd reform, be forc'd to wear:
 While ignorance and malice join to blame,
 And break the mirror that reflects their shame.
 Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
 Shew her bright virgin face, and scorn the Satyr's mask.
 Happy her future days! which are design'd
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind.
 By just originals to draw with care,
 And copy from the court a faultless fair:
 Such labors with success her hopes may crown,
 And shame to manners an incorrigible town.
 While this design her eager thought pursues,
 Such various virtues all around she views,
 She knows not where to fix, or which to chuse,
 Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,
 ONE only awes her with superior light.

From that attempt the conscious muse retires,
 Nor to inimitable worth aspires;
 But secretly applauds, and silently admires.

}

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray,
 That first enliven'd this auspicious day:
 On that bright star, to whose indulgent pow'r
 We owe the blessings of the present hour.
 Concurring omens of propitious fate
 Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date,
 Whence we derive whatever we possess,
 By foreign conquest, or domestic peace.

Then, Britain, then thy dawn of bliss begun:
 Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun!
 Then was it doom'd whose councils shou'd succeed;
 And by whose arm the christian world be freed;
 Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
 And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE
T E A R S
O F
AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS:
A
P A S T O R A L.

Lamenting the Death of the
Late Lord Marquis of BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the
Right Honorable the Lord GODOLPHIN,
Lord High Treasurer of ENGLAND.

Qualis populeâ mærens Philomela sub umbrâ

Amisſos queritur fœtus——

——miferabile Carmen

Integrat, et mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.

Virg. Georg. 4.

'T WAS at the time, when new returning light
With welcome rays begins to chear the fight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;

When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew.

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
Forsook her myrtle bow'r and rosy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?
Tygers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb distress and new compassion shew,
As taught by her to taste of human woe,
Nature herself attentive silence kept,
And motion seem'd suspended while she wept;
The rising sun restrain'd his fiery course,
And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;
Ev'n echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,
Lest repetitions should her accents drown;
The very morning wind with-held his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid.
No voice, no whisp'ring sigh, no murm'ring groan,
Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguish could express,
All other mourning would have made it less.

Hear me, she cry'd, ye nymphs and silvan gods,
Inhabitants of these once lov'd abodes;
Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,
Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r;
The loss, which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.

244 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Have I not cause, ye cruel pow'rs, to mourn ?
 Lives there like me another wretch forlorn ?
 Tell me, thou sun, that round the world dost shine,
 Hast thou beheld another loss like mine ?
 Ye winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,
 And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,
 Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
 Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs before ?
 Tell me, thou earth, on whose wide-spreading base
 The wretched load is laid of human race,
 Dost thou not feel thyself with me oppress'd !
 Lye all the dead so heavy on thy breast ?
 When hoary winter on thy shrinking head
 His icy, cold, depressing hand has laid,
 Hast thou not felt less chilness in thy veins ?
 Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains ?
 But why to thee do I relate my woe,
 Thou cruel earth, my most remorseless foe !
 Within whose darksome womb the grave is made,
 Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid ?
 What is't to me, tho' on thy naked head
 Eternal winter should his horror shed,
 Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endless frost,
 And all thy hopes of future spring were lost ?
 To me what comfort can the spring afford ?
 Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd ?
 Can all the rains, that fall from weeping skies,
 Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies ?
 No, never ! never ! — say then, rigid earth,
 What is to me thy everlasting dearth,
 Tho' never flow'r again its head should rear,
 Tho' never tree again should blossom bear ;

Tho' never grafs should cloath the naked ground,
 Nor ever healing plant or wholsome herb be found.
 None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
 Nor wholsome herb was found, nor healing plant,
 To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains;
 In vain I search'd the valleys, hills and plains;
 But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
 Or pois'nous weeds distilling deadly dew.
 And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
 To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,
 Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
 A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root,
 Witness to this, ye fawns, of ev'ry wood,
 Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood.
 Well I remember what sad signs ye made,
 What show'rs of unavailing tears ye shed;
 How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,
 When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave.
 For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
 And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies;
 Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires appear'd,
 And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard.
 The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
 And frighted streams their wonted channels left;
 With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
 Where many a herd and harmless swain was drown'd.
 While I, forlorn and desolate, was left,
 Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope bereft;
 To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
 And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
 For thee, Amyntas, all these pains were borne,
 For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were torn;

246 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,
 These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
 To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
 And hide my head in shades of endless night :
 For thou wert light, and life, and health to me ;
 The sun but thankless shines that shews not thee.
 Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good and young ?
 The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry tongue ?
 Did ev'ry branch so sweet a blossom bear ?
 Or ever early fruit appear so fair ?
 Did ever youth so far his years transcend ?
 Did ever life so immaturely end ;
 For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
 And ev'ry muse prepar'd the future praise.
 For thee the busy nymphs stripp'd ev'ry grove,
 And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove.
 But now, ah dismal change ! the tuneful throng
 To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song.
 Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
 And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
 There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
 There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die.

This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
 Excess of grief her fault'ring speech suppress'd.
 Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
 Where late the grave was for Amyntas made ;
 Then from her swimming eyes began to pour
 Of softly falling rain a silver show'r ;
 Her loosely flowing hair, all radiant bright,
 O'er-spread the dewy grass like streams of light :
 As if the sun had of his beams been shorn,
 And cast to earth the glories he had worn.

A fight so lovely sad, such deep distress
No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.

And now the winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling air with sighs to fill;
The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their streams; as when descending rains
Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains,
The prone creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
And echo multiply'd each mournful sound.

When all at once an universal pause
Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd.
Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume.
Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb:
As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
And on the spicy pile were new expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
Was sudden spread with lively springing green;
And Amaryllis saw, with wond'ring eyes,
A flow'ry bed, where she had wept, arise;
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From ev'ry tear that fell a violet grew, [hue.
And thence their sweetness came, and thence their mournful

Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades;

248 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
 For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow.
 Think on Amyntas, oft as ye shall stoop
 To crop the stalks, and take 'em softly up.
 When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
 Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear:
 To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
 And bless his peaceful grave, where first they grew.

T O

C Y N T H I A,

WEeping AND NOT SPEAKING.

E L E G Y.

WHY are those hours, which heav'n in pity lent
 To longing love, in fruitless sorrow spent?
 Why sighs my fair? Why does that bosom move
 With any passion stirr'd, but rising love?
 Can discontent find place within that breast,
 On whose soft pillows ev'n despair might rest?
 Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part,
 I am no stranger to an aching heart;
 Too well I know the force of inward grief,
 And well can bear it, to give you relief:
 All love's severest pangs I can endure;
 I can bear pain, tho' hopeless of a cure.

I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh and pray,
 To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
 I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
 And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain;
 Anger, and hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
 Nay jealousy—and I have felt despair.
 These pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
 To cruel you, when I began to love,
 'Till warm compassion took at length my part,
 And melted to my wish your yielding heart.
 O the dear hour, in which you did resign!
 When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
 And, in a kiss, you said your heart was mine.
 Thro' each returning year, may that hour be
 Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity;
 Gay be the sun, that hour, in all his light,
 Let him collect the day, to be more bright;
 Shine all, that hour, and let the rest be night.
 And shall I all this heav'n of bliss receive
 From you, yet not lament to see you grieve!
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
 When your cold scorn, and frowns forbid the fire;
 Now, when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
 And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
 When all my joys complete in you I find,
 Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
 O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
 This flood of tears? whence are these frequent sighs?
 Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r,
 Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling show'r,
 Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
 Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe?

Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
 Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past;
 Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
 So I should think, were I so held by thee.
 Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
 Sigh on my lips, and let me drink thy tears;
 Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
 And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
 O speak—for woe in silence most appears;
 Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
 Is there a cause, which words cannot express?
 Can I not bear a part, nor make it less?
 I know not what to think,—am I in fault?
 I have not to my knowledge err'd in thought,
 Nor wander'd from my love, nor wou'd I be
 Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.
 You weep a-fresh, and at that word you start!
 Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part?
 Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,
 For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
 Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
 And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart,
 Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
 And racking fears, and restless doubts increase;
 And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
 The hottest hell, in which a heart can burn.

A M O R E T.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wand'ring shepherdes discover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that, which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

L E S B I A.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
 As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial fire.
 But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
 And, what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

D O R I S.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
 Has every grace and art;
 A wise observer to engage,
 Or wound a heedless heart.
 Of native blush, and rosy dye,
 Time has her cheeks bereft;
 Which makes the prudent nymph supply,
 With paint, th' injurious theft.
 Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
 And teeth in good repair;
 And her well-furnish'd front disdains
 To grace with borrow'd hair.
 Of size, she is not short, nor tall,
 And does to fat incline
 No more, than what the French wou'd call
 Amiable Embonpoint,

Farther, her person to disclose
 I leave——let it suffice,
 She has few faults, but what she knows,
 And can with skill disguise.
 She many lovers has refus'd,
 With many more comply'd;
 Which, like her cloaths, when little us'd,
 She always lays aside.
 She's one who looks with great contempt
 On each affected creature,
 Whose nicety would seem exempt
 From appetites of nature.
 She thinks they want or health or sense,
 Who want an inclination;
 And therefore never takes offence
 At him who pleads his passion.
 Whom she refuses, she treats still
 With so much sweet behaviour,
 That her refusal, through her skill,
 Looks almost like a favor.
 Since she this softness can express
 To those, whom she rejects,
 She must be very fond, you'll guess,
 Of such, whom she affects.
 But here our Doris far outgoes
 All that her sex have done;
 She no regard for custom knows,
 Which reason bids her shun.
 By reason her own reason's meant,
 Or, if you please, her will:
 For when this last is discontent,
 The first is serv'd but ill.

254 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Peculiar therefore is her way ;
 Whether by nature taught,
 I shall not undertake to say,
 Or by experience bought.
 But who o'er-night obtain'd her grace,
 She can next day disown,
 And stare upon the strange man's face,
 As one she ne'er had known.
 So well she can the truth disguise,
 Such artful wonder frame,
 The lover or distrusts his eyes,
 Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
 Some censure this, as lewd and low,
 Who are to bounty blind ;
 For, to forget what we bestow,
 Bespeaks a noble mind.
 Doris our thanks nor asks, nor needs,
 For all her favors done :
 From her love flows, as light proceeds
 Spontaneous from the sun.
 On one or other still her fires
 Display their genial force ;
 And she, like Sol, alone retires,
 To shine elsewhere of course.

T O

S L E E P.

E L E G Y.

O SLEEP, thou flatterer of happy minds,
 How soon a troubled breast thy falshood finds !
 Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
 Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd :
 But oh ! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
 The wretch, by fortune or by love-undone !
 Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs,
 Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours ?
 Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring wings to spread
 With friendly shade around my restless bed ?
 Can no complainings thy compassion move ?
 Is thy antipathy so strong to love ?
 O no ! thou art the prosp'rous lover's friend,
 And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend ;
 With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
 Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's arms :
 Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
 Where sooth'd with ease, the panting youth respires,
 'Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
 And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
 But oh ! what fortune does the lover bear,
 Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair !

R. 2

256 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
 But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
 But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
 Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease my pain.
 Forgive what my distracting grief has said,
 I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid;
 For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
 And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
 Implor'd the muse to break thy gentle chains,
 And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
 With her I sing, but cease not with her song;
 For more enduring woes my lays prolong.
 The morning lark to mine accords his note,
 And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
 Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
 Wailing alike his absence and return.
 And all for thee——what had I well nigh said?
 Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid.
 No——as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
 Th' associates of my melody and love,
 In moving sound alone relate their pain;
 And not with voice articulate complain;
 So shall my muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
 And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
 O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
 Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
 For her, O sleep, thy balmy sweets prepare;
 The peace, I lose for her, to her transfer.
 Hush! as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs
 Impearl the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,
 Steal on her brow: And, as those dews attend,
 'Till warn'd by waking day to re-ascend,

So wait thou for her morn ; then gently rise,
And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

T O
SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY

L—Y—S PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller, to superior skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill :
If yet my vanquish'd muse exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair ;
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather shew'd how much, than whom I lov'd.
But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
Have shewn my eyes th' impression in my heart ;
The bright idea both exists and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives :
Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others some faint resemblance may express,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by guess.

258 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Thy pictures raise no doubts, when brought to view,
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
Transcendent artist ! how complete thy skill !
Thy pow'r to act, is equal to thy will.
Nature and art, in thee, alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend :
For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures light consents with shade,
And each to th' other is subservient made,
Judgment and genius so concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my friend, must do thee right,
And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame, due to vast desert, is kept in store,
Unpay'd, till the deserver is no more.
Yet thou, in present, the best part hast gain'd,
And from the chosen few applause obtain'd :
Ev'n he, who best cou'd judge and best cou'd praise,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays ;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name ;
Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame.
Unfit I follow, where he led the way,
And court applause, by what I seem to pay.
Myself I praise, while I thy praise intend,
For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend :
And next to deeds, which our own honor raise,
Is, to distinguish them who merit praise.

A C A N D L E.

E L E G Y.

THOU watchful taper, by whose silent light,
 I lonely pass the melancholy night;
 Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
 To whom alone I venture to complain;
 O learn with me my hopeless love to moan;
 Commiserate a life so like thy own.
 Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
 Wasting that heart, by which supply'd they burn;
 Like thine, my joy and suff'ring they display,
 At once are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
 And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
 And only during night presume to shine;
 Their humble rays not daring to aspire
 Before the sun, the fountain of their fire:
 So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
 To shades obscure and solitude withdraw;
 Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
 From whose bright beams their being first arose.

OVID'S THIRD BOOK

OF THE

A R T OF L O V E.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommends Rules and Instructions to the FAIR SEX,
in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already
composed two Books for the Use of MEN, upon the
same Subject.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we must instruct and arm the fair.

Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,

And mighty love determine which shall yield.

Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to show

Unequal force against a naked foe:

No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,

And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But, some exclaim, what phrensy rules your mind?

Would you encrease the craft of woman-kind?

Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may

Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.

But, sure, too hard a censure they pursue,
 Who charge on all the failings of a few.
 Examine, first, impartially each fair,
 Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.
 If [1] Menelaus, and the king of men,
 With justice, of their sister-wives complain;
 If false [2] Eriphyle forsook her faith,
 And for reward procur'd her husband's death;
 Penelope [3] was loyal still, and chaste,
 Tho' twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.
 Reflect how [4] Laodamia's truth was try'd,
 Who, tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
 To share her husband's fate untimely dy'd. }
 Think how [5] Alceste's piety was prov'd,
 Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.
 Receive me, Capaneus, [6] Evadne cry'd;
 Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide:
 To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire,
 She said, and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.
 Virtue [7] her self a goddess we confess,
 Both female in her name and in her dress;
 No wonder then, if, to her sex inclin'd,
 She cultivates with care a female mind.
 But these exalted souls exceed the reach
 Of that soft art, which I pretend to teach.
 My tender barque requires a gentle gale;
 A little wind will fill a little sail.
 Of sportful loves I sing, and shew what ways
 The willing nymph must use her blis to raise,
 And how to captivate the man she'd please. }
 Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
 Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart:

Man has a breast robust, and more secure,
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
 Men oft are false; and, if you search with care,
 You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
 The faithless [8] Jason from Medea fled,
 And made Creusa partner of his bed.
 Bright [9] Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
 Thy absence, perjurd Theseus did deplore.
 If then the wild inhabitants of air
 Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
 It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.
 Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,
 Why [10] Phillis by a fate untimely fell.
 Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
 She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea.
 Hér fall the fading trees consent to mourn,
 And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince, so far for piety renown'd,
 To thee, [11] Eliza, was unfaithful found;
 To thee forlorn, and languishing with grief,
 His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
 Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart
 Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.
 Love, of itself, too quickly will expire;
 But pow'rful art perpetuates desire.
 Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
 Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
 And thus she said; "What have poor Women done?"
 "Why is that weak, defenceless Sex expos'd;
 "On ev'ry Side by Men well-arm'd enclos'd?"

" Twice are the men instructed by thy muse,
 " Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
 " The [12] bard, who injur'd Helen in his song,
 " Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
 " And you, if on my favor you depend,
 " The cause of women, while you live, defend."
 This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore,
 She gave me; for a myrtle wreath she wore.
 The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
 And from her presence inspiration drew.
 Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
 And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind.
 Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
 Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
 Now while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
 Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight:
 For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide;
 Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:
 Think not, hereafter will the loss repay;
 For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay;
 And leave less relish than the former day.
 I've seen the time, when on that wither'd thorn
 The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn,
 With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
 And see, how leafless now, and how decay'd;
 And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
 Will prove in age, what pains attend neglect:
 None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
 Nor wake, to strew your street with morning flow'rs.
 Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
 Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rust in peace.

Alas ! how soon a clear complexion fades ;
 How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades !
 And what avails it, tho' the fair one swears,
 She from her infancy had some grey hairs ?
 She grows all hoary in a few more years,
 And then the venerable truth appears.
 The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
 And both renew their youth and vigor past'd ;
 But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
 Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprieve,
 Then crop the flower, which yet invites your eye,
 And which, ungather'd, on its stalk must die,
 Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
 And frequent births too soon will youth impair :
 Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
 And earth itself decays, too often till'd,
 Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Lathian [13] swain ;
 Nor thou, Aurora, [14] Cephalus disdain ;
 The Paphian queen, who for [15] Adonis' fate
 So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
 Has not been found inexorable since ;
 Witness [16] Harmonia, and the Dardan prince,
 Then take example, mortals, from above,
 And like immortals live, and like 'em love.
 Refuse not those delights, which men require,
 Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
 False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain ?
 Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
 Tho' constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs,
 What you employ no dignitation fears.
 Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny ?
 Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry ?

Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain :
 What do they lose, that's worthy to retain [17] ?
 Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
 But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,
 Now, launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.
 And, first, we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine
 Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine ;
 And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
 Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
 Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride !
 Yet, to how many is that gift deny'd ?
 Art helps a face ; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
 May quickly fade for want of needful care.
 In ancient days if women slighted dress,
 Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
 If Hector's [18] spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
 A soldier's wife became it well enough.
 Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
 Seven lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides
 And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd
 And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd ?
 With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
 Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
 This [19] capitol with that of old compare ;
 Some other Jove, you'd think, was worship'd there.
 That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,
 When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw ;
 And where Apollo's fane resplendent stands,
 Was heretofore a tract of pasture-lands.
 Let ancient manners other men delight ;
 But me the modern please, as more polite.

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Not, that materials now in gold are wrought ;
 And distant shores for orient pearls are sought ;
 Nor for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,
 And structures rise, whose bulk the sea restrains ;
 But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
 And polish'd from the rust of former date.
 Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
 Nor in embroid'ry, or brocade appear ;
 Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire ;
 And cleanliness more animate love's fire.
 The hair dispos'd may gain or lose a grace,
 And much become, or mis-become, the face.
 What suits your features of your glass inquire,
 For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
 A face too long shou'd part, and flat the hair ;
 Left, upward comb'd, the length too much appear :
 So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round,
 Shou'd show the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
 On either shoulder one her locks displays ;
 Adorn'd like Phæbus, when he sings his lays :
 Another all her tresses ties behind ;
 So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind,
 Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some ;
 Others the binding fillets more become :
 Some plat, like spiral shells, their braided bair,
 Others the loose and waving curl prefer.
 But, to recount the several dresses worn,
 Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
 Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
 The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
 Many there are, who seem to slight all care,
 And with a pleasing negligence ensnare ;

Whole mornings oft in such a dress are spent,
 And all is art, that looks like accident.
 With such disorder [20] löle was grac'd,
 When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
 So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
 When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
 The losses they sustain by various ways.
 Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
 Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
 Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,
 And art gives color which with nature vies.
 The well-wove tours they wear their own are thought;
 But only are their own, as what they've bought.
 Nor need they blush to buy heads-ready dress'd,
 And chuse, at public shops, what suits 'em best.

Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
 Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
 What folly must in such expence appear,
 When more becoming colors are less dear?
 One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue;
 Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view.
 With yellow lustre see another spread,
 As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread,
 Some of the sea-green wave the cast display;
 With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array:
 And some the saffron hue will well adorn;
 Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.
 Of myrtle berries one the tincture shows;
 In this of amethysts the purple grows,
 And that more imitates the paler rose.

Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes
 Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
 Nor almond, nor the chefnut dye disclaim;
 Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
 As fields you find with various flow'rs o'er-spread,
 When vineyards bud, and Winter's frost is fled;
 So various are the colors you may try,
 Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
 Try ev'ry one, what best becomes you wear;
 For no complexion all alike can bear.

If fair the skin, black may become it best,
 In black the lovely fair [21] Briseis dress'd:
 If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
 Andromeda [22] so charm'd the wond'ring sight.

I need not warn you of too pow'ful smells,
 Which, sometimes health, or kindly heat expels.
 Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
 The casual growth of all unseemly hair.
 Tho' not to nymphs of [23] Caucasus I sing,
 Nor such, who taste remote the Mysian [24] spring;
 Yet, let me warn you, that thro' no neglect
 You let your teeth disclose the least defect,
 You know the use of white to make you fair,
 And how with red lost color to repair;
 Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
 And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
 Nor need the fair one be asham'd, who tries
 By art to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book [25] I've made, but with great care,
 How to preserve the face, and how repair.
 In that the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
 May see, what pains to please 'em I've employ'd.

But still beware, that from your lover's eye
 You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply :
 Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
 Left, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
 Who would not take offence, to see a face
 All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease ?
 And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
 The wool's unfav'ry scent is still the same.
 Marrow of stags, nor your Pomatums try,
 Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by ;
 For many things, when done, afford delight,
 Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.
 Ev'n Myro's [26] statues, which for art surpass
 All others, once were but a shapeless mass ;
 Rude was that gold, which now in rings is worn,
 As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
 Think how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
 Which now a perfect Venus shews to view.
 While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
 Lock'd from observers, in some secret place.
 Add the last hand, before yourselves you show ;
 Your need of art why should your lovers know ?
 For many things, when most conceal'd, are best ;
 And few of strict inquiry bear the test.
 Those figures, which in theatres are seen
 Guilded without, are common wood within,
 But no spectators are allow'd to pry,
 Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
 To have the fair one comb her hair in sight ;
 To view the flowing honors of her head
 Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.

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But let her look, that she with care avoid
 All fretful humors, while she's so employ'd;
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
 All that her woman does; who does her best.
 I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
 And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
 And her heart curses, what her hands adorn.

Let her, who has no hair, or has but some,
 Plant centinels before her dressing-room:
 Or in the face of the good goddess dress,
 Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
 A lady at her toilet once surpriz'd;
 Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tour she wore,
 And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
 But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,
 Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.
 Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
 The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn;
 A leafless tree, or an unverdent mead,
 And, as ungraceful is a hairless head.

But think not these instructions are design'd
 For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind:
 Not to a Semele, or [27] Leda bright,
 Nor an [28] Europa, these my rules I write;
 Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
 Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
 Thee to regain, well was that war begun
 And Paris well defended what he won;
 What lover, or what husband, would not fight
 In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The croud I teach, some homely, and some fair ;
But of the former sort the larger share.
The handsome least require the help of art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with nature's part.
When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lyes,
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person, or your face correct ;
And few are seen, that have not some defect.
The nymph, too short, her seat should seldom quit,
Left, when she stands, she may be thought to sit ;
And, when extended on her couch she lyes,
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
The lean of thick-wrought stuff her cloaths should chuse,
And fuller made, than what the plumper use.
If pale, let her the crimson juice apply ;
If swarthy, to the [29] Pharian varnish fly,
A leg too lank tight garters still must wear ;
Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare ;
Round shoulders, [30] bolster'd, will appear the least ;
And lacing strait, confines too full a breast.
Whose fingers are too fat and nails too coarse,
Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor fasting, nor too near another speak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
And lose the dimple, which the cheek becomes,
Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,
Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.

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In some, distortions quite the face disguise ;
 Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
 In one too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
 Another is as harsh, as if she bray'd.

What cannot art attain ! many with ease,
 Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.
 Others thro' affectation lisp, and find,
 In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
 Neglect no means which may promote your ends ;
 Now learn what way of walking recommends.
 Too masculine a motion shocks the sight ;
 But female grace allures with strange delight.
 One has an artful swing and jut behind,
 Which help her coats to catch the swelling wind ;
 Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,
 And ev'ry step and graceful motion show.
 Another, like an [31] Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
 Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
 Between extremes in this a mean adjust,
 Nor shew too nice a gate, nor too robust.

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
 That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare,
 Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
 And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

[32] Sirens, tho' monsters of the stormy main,
 Can ships, when under sail, with songs detain :
 Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
 When first he listen'd to the charming sound.
 Singing insinuates : learn, all ye maids ;
 Oft, when a face forbids, a voice persuades,
 Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
 Or in Ruelles some soft Egyptian air.

Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen staid,
When on his lyre melodious [33] Orpheus play'd;
Even Cerberus and hell that fount obey'd.

And stones officious were thy walls to raise,
O Thebes, attracted by [34] Amphion's lays.
The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
And was, [35] Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.

Of sweet [36] Callimachus the works rehearse,
And read [37] Philetas and [38] Anacreon's verse.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But softest [39] Sapho best instructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and [40] Tibullus read,
And let [41] Varronian verse to these succeed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse;
Of all the Latian bards the noblest muse.

Even I, 'tis possible, in after days
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labor'd lines some readers may improve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love,
Whatever book you read of this soft art,
Read with a lover's voice and lover's heart.

Tender epistles too by me are framed,
A work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
Such was your sacred will, O tuneful nine!
Such thine, Apollo, and Lycæus, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

274 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Of some odd trifles I'm ashamed to tell,
 Tho' it becomes the sex to trifle well;
 To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,
 Implies both cunning and dexterity.
 Nor is't amiss at chefs to be expert,
 For games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.
 Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use;
 Parties begun at play, may love produce.
 But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
 Than how to keep your temper while you play.
 Unguarded then, each breast is open laid,
 And, while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
 Then base desire of gain, then rage appears,
 Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears:
 Then clamors and revilings reach the sky,
 While losing gamesters all the gods defy.
 Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast;
 They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep at last.
 Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these
 From ev'ry nymph, whose heart's inclin'd to please.
 Soft recreations fit the female-kind;
 Nature for men has rougher sports design'd:
 To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear;
 To stop, or turn the steed, in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
 Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams;
 Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
 And at the glowing [42] virgin's sign arrive,
 'Tis both allow'd, and fit you should repair
 To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
 To Pompey's [43] gardens, or the shady groves,
 Which Cæsar honors, and which Phœbus loves:

[44] Phæbus, who sunk the proud Ægyptian fleet,
 And made Augustus' victory complete.
 Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame
 Are rais'd to Livia's, and [45] Octavia's name;
 Or where [46] Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
 When he with naval victory was crown'd.
 To Isis' [47] fane, to theatres resort;
 And in the Circus see the noble sport.
 In ev'ry public place, by turns, be shown;
 In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
 Should you in singing [48] Thamyras transcend;
 Your voice unheard, who cou'd your skill commend?
 Had not [49] Apells drawn the sea-born queen,
 Her beauties, still, beneath the waves had been.

Poets inspir'd write only for a name,
 And think their labors well repay'd with fame.
 In former days, I own, the poets were
 Of gods and kings the most peculiar care;
 Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,
 And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
 Ennius [50] with honors was by Scipio grac'd,
 And next his own the poet's statue plac'd.
 But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
 And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
 Still there's a pleasure, that proceeds from praise:
 What could the high renown of Homer raise,
 But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays?

Who could have been of (51) Danaë's charms assur'd,
 Had she grown old, within her tow'r immur'd?
 This, as a rule, let ev'ry nymph pursue;
 That 'tis her int'rest oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
 In hopes, thro' many, to make sure of one.
 So let the fair the gazing croud assail,
 That over one, at least, she may prevail.
 In ev'ry place to please, be all her thought;
 Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is caught.
 Sometimes, all day we hunt the tedious foil,
 Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How cou'd Adromeda once doubt relief,
 Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
 The widow'd fair, who sees her lord expire,
 While yet she weeps, may kindle new desire,
 And Hymen's torch re-light with fun'ral fire.

Beware of men, who are too sprucely dress'd;
 And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd;
 Such tools to you, and to a thousand more,
 Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
 This way and that unsteadily they rove,
 And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
 Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
 Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
 Believe me; all I say is for your good;
 Had [52] Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many with base designs will passion feign,
 Who know no love, but sordid love of gain.
 But let not powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
 Your well-believing, easy hearts ensnare.
 Rich clothes are oft by common sharpers worn,
 And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
 So, may your lover burn with fierce desire
 Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.

Poor Cloe, robb'd, runs crying thro' the streets;
And as she runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, [53] Venus, hast thou heard such cries;
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
Some so notorious are, their very name
Must ev'ry nymph, whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.

Promise for promise equally afford,
But, once a contract made, keep well your word;
For she for any act of hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit;
With impious hands cou'd quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire.
Who, first, to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my muse, check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.

If love epistles tender lines impart,
And Billet-doux are sent, to sound your heart,
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be secretly convey'd:
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is and when sincere.
Ere in return you write, some time require;
Delays, if not too long, encrease desire:
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Ner yet refuse him with too rude disdain.

278 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Now, let his hopes, now, let his fears encrease,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.
Besure avoid set phrases, when you write,
The usual way of speech is more polite,
How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A style too coarse takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since, tho' chastity be not your care,
You from your husband still wou'd hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger, 'till his truth be try'd;
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!
Such treach'ry can never be surpass'd,
For those discov'ries, sure as light'ning, blast.
Might I advise, fraud shou'd with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all, who with arms invade.

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What if in sev'ral hands you learn'd to write?
My curse on him, who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
First, rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now greater things to tell, my muse, prepare,
And clap on all the sail the barque can bear,

Let no rude passions in your looks find place ;
 For fury will deform the finest face :
 It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
 While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns,
 When on her flute divine [54] Minerva play'd,
 And in a fountain saw the change it made,
 Swelling her cheek ; she flung it quick aside ;
 " Nor is thy music so much worth," she cry'd,
 Look in your glass, when you with anger glow,
 And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.
 Nor with excessive pride insult the fight ;
 For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
 Believe it as a truth, that's daily try'd,
 There's nothing more detestable than pride.
 How have I seen some airs disgust create,
 " Like things, which by antipathy we hate !"
 Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,
 And, when your lover bows, incline your head.
 So love, preluding, plays at first with hearts,
 And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.
 Nor me a melancholy mistress charms ;
 Let sad [55] Tecmeffa weep in Ajax' arms.
 Let mourning beauties sullen heroes move ;
 We, cheerful men, like gaiety in love.
 Let Hector in Andromache delight,
 Who in bewailing Troy wastes all the night.
 Had they not both borne children, to be plain,
 I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their husbands lain.
 I no idea in my mind can frame,
 That either one, or t'other doleful dame,
 Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their lords
 My life ; my soul ; or speak endearing words,

280 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Why from comparisons shou'd I refrain,
 Or fear small things by greater to explain ?
 Observe what conduct prudent generals use,
 And how their sev'ral officers they chuse ;
 To one a charge of infantry commit,
 Another for the horse is thought more fit.
 So you your sev'ral lovers should select,
 And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
 The wealthy lover store of gold should send ;
 The lawyers should in courts your cause defend.
 We, who write verse, with verse alone should bribe ;
 Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
 By us your fame shall thro' the world be blaz'd ;
 So [56] Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
 From east to west Lycoris' praises ring :
 Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing.
 No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear ;
 Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere :
 Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires ;
 But shuns the bar ; and books and shades requires.
 Too faithfully, alas ! we know to love,
 With ease we fix, but we with pain remove ;
 Our softer studies with our souls combine,
 And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
 Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
 The god that fills him, and the muse, revere ;
 Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
 Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.
 'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact ;
 But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
 Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight ;
 Left you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein, with diff'rent force,
 A new back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse;
 Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
 The man in years, and youth of greener age.
 This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
 Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
 With kind careffes oft indulge the boy,
 And all the harvest of his heart enjoy.
 Alone, thus blest'd, of rivals most beware;
 "Nor love, nor empire, can a rival bear."
 Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
 And many things, which youth disdains, endure;
 No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
 Nor tear their own, or mistresses attire.
 In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
 But men in years more calmly wrongs resent.
 As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
 They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
 More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;
 Then, swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.
 Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
 How surely to enslave ourselves we show.
 To trust a traitor, you'll no scruple make,
 Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose;
 Wou'd you retain him long, then long refuse.
 Oft, at your door, make him for entrance wait,
 There let him lye, and threaten and entreat.
 When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
 Ships by fair winds are sometimes run ashore.
 Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
 The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.

Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry
 "Here's no admittance, fir; I must deny:"
 The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
 A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid aside,
 I, now, sharp weapons for the sex provide;
 Nor doubt against myself to see 'em try'd.

When, first, a lover you design to charm,
 Beware, lest jealousy his soul alarm;
 Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
 That he, and only he's the happy man.
 Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
 And let him fear some rival's better fate.
 Such little arts make love its vigor hold,
 Which else wou'd languish, and too soon grow cold.
 Then strains the courser to out-strip the wind,
 When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
 Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive;
 I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
 Yet, one precaution to this rule belongs;
 Let us at most suspect, not prove, our wrongs.
 Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
 Pretend, your husband's spies beset the door:
 Tho' free as [57] Thais, still affect a fright;
 For seeming danger heightens the delight.
 Oft let the youth in thro' your window steal,
 Tho' he might enter at the door as well;
 And, sometimes, let your maid surprize pretend,
 And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
 Yet, ever and anon dispel his fear,
 And let him taste of happiness sincere;

Left, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,
He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forgot to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the husband, and the spy.

That wives shou'd of their husbands stand in awe,
Agrees with justice, modesty, and law :
But, that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am sure, denies.
For such fair nymphs these precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Tho' stuck with [58] Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write ?
Or can his caution against such provide,
Which, in her breast, your confident may hide ?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe ?
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And, writing on her skin, your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen.
Fair will the paper show, nor can be read,
'Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Acrisius was, with all his care, betray'd ;
And in his tow'r of brass a grandfire made.

Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport ?
Or can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude ?
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.

Or, when some sudden sickness you pretend,
 May you not take to your sick bed a friend ?
 False keys a private passage may procure,
 If not, there are more ways besides the door.
 Sometimes, with wine your watchful follow'r treat ;
 When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat :
 Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
 Prepare a sleeping draught, to seal his eyes :
 Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
 An inclination for his person feign ;
 With faint resistance let her drill him on,
 And, after competent delays, be won.

But, what need all these various doubtful wiles,
 Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles ?
 Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd ;
 Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is appeas'd.
 With presents fools and wife alike are caught ;
 Give but enough, the husband may be bought :
 But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
 That you for ever his connivance buy ;
 Pay him his price at once, for with such men
 You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd
 Of jealousy, occasion'd by a friend.
 Believe me, apprehensions of that kind,
 Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
 Trust not, too far, your she-companion's truth,
 Lest she sometimes shou'd intercept the youth :
 The very confidant, that lends the bed,
 May entertain your lover in your stead.
 Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
 For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But, whither do I run with heedless rage;
 Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
 Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
 Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
 But, all self-ends and int'rest set apart,
 I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
 Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life,
 And for the [59] Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
 Nor will you find it hard belief to gain;
 Full of himself, he your design will aid;
 To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.
 With dying eyes his face and form survey,
 Then sigh, and wonder he so long cou'd stay:
 Now drop a tear; your sorrows to assuage,
 Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage.
 Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
 And make him pity your excessive love.
 Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
 "How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
 But chiefly one such fond behaviour fires,
 Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires,
 Proud of the homage to his merit done,
 He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
 Nor straight fly out, when you a rival fear.
 Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail,
 Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
 Let Procris' fate a sad example be
 Of what effects attend credulity.

Near, where his purple head Hymettus shows,
 And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows;

With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
 And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade.
 There rosemary and bays their odors join,
 And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.
 There tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
 And cytissus, and garden pines abound.
 While thro' the boughs soft winds of Zephyr pass,
 Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.
 Hither wou'd Cephalus retreat to rest,
 When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd:
 And thus, to Air, the panting youth wou'd pray,
 "Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."
 But some tale-bearing, too officious friend,
 By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
 Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
 Repeating word for word what she had heard.
 Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
 With jealousy surpris'd, and fainting fears,
 Her rosy color fled her lovely face,
 And agonies, like death, supply'd the place;
 Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
 When first the vine the winter's blast receives.
 Of ripen'd quinces such the yellow hue,
 Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
 Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
 Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.
 Now, all dishevell'd, to the wood she flies,
 With [60] Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
 Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends;
 And, all alone, the shady hill ascends.
 What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
 What rage, thus fatally to lye conceal'd?

Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought)
 She now shall in the very fact be caught.
 Anon thy heart repents its rash designs,
 And now to go, and now to stay, inclines :
 Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
 And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to find.
 But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
 And more suspicious still the place appears ;
 But more than all excessive love deceives,
 Which all it fears too easily believes.

And now a chillness runs thro' ev'ry vein,
 Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
 'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
 The scorching ardor of the mid-day sun ;
 With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,
 Which glow'd with heat ; then sought his usual place.
 Procris, with anxious but with silent care,
 View'd him extended, with his bosom bare ;
 And heard him soon th' accusom'd words repeat,
 " Come, Zephyr, Aura, come, allay this heat :"
 Soon as she found her error, from the word
 Her color and her temper were restor'd.
 With joy she rose, to clasp him in her arms :
 But Cephalus the rustling noise alarms ;
 Some beast, he thinks, he in the bushes hears,
 And straight his arrows and his bow prepares.
 Hold, hold, unhappy youth !——I call in vain,
 With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.
 " Me, me, [she cries] thou'st wounded with thy dart !
 But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
 Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lye,
 Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die :"

Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death;
 Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath."
 Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
 And wash'd with streaming tears the wound he made;
 At length the springs of life their currents leave,
 And her last gasp her husband's lips receive.

Now to pursue our voyage we must provide,
 Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now shou'd teach
 What rules to treats and entertainments reach.

Come not the first, invited to a feast;
 Rather come last, as a more grateful guest.
 For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
 Meets with the surest welcome, when arriv'd.
 Besides, complexions of a coarser kind
 From candle light no small advantage find.
 During the time you eat, observe some grace,
 Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face;
 Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,
 Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
 Of all extremes in either kind beware,
 And still, before your belly's full, forbear.
 No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
 Tho' more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own I think, of wine the mod'rate use
 More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse;
 It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
 And wine and love have always been Allies.
 But carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
 Nor drink 'till you see double, lisp, or sleep;
 For in such sleeps brutalities are done,
 Which, tho' you loathe, you have no power to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph, from table led,
 Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in bed.
 But modesty forbids : Nor more my muse
 With weary wings the labor'd flight pursues ;
 Her purple [61] swans, unyok'd, the chariot leave,
 And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus with impartial care my art I show,
 And equal arms on either sex bestow :
 While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
 Ovid, must own, their master is in love.

NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION.

1 **A** Gamemnon and Menelaus, two Brothers, marry'd two sisters, Clytemnestra and Helena, both of 'em preferr'd Galants to their Husbands' Beds.

2 Eriphyle, Daughter of Talaon, King of Argos, for the sake of a Golden Chain, perswaded her Husband Amphiaras to go to the Theban War in which she knew he must be slain.

3 Penelope, Daughter of Icarus and Polycasta, was married to Ulysses, and much celebrated by the Ancients for her invincible Chastity.

4 When Laodamia heard her Husband Protefilaus was kill'd in the Trojan War, she passionately desired to see his Ghost, which being granted her by the Gods, she embraced it so closely that she perished in the embrace.

5 She offer'd to dye to lengthen her Husband Admetus's Life.

6 Evadne the Daughter of Iphas marry'd Capaneus, who signalized himself in the Theban War.

7 Virtue was represented at Rome in a Woman's Habit, and had a Temple and altars dedicated to her.

8 Jason, the Son of Aeson, marry'd Medea the King of Colchos's Daughter, who had assisted him in carrying off the Golden Fleece, but afterwards forsook her, and marry'd Creusa Daughter to the King of Corinth.

9 Ariadne, the Daughter of Minos King of Crete, being in love with Theseus, conducted him out of the Labyrinth, by the Means of a Clew of Thread. She fled from Crete with Theseus, who left her on a barren Shore, and she was afterwards marry'd to Bacchus.

10 Phyllis, Daughter of Lycurgus King of Thrace, despairing of the Return of Demophoon, Son of Theseus, to whom she had granted her last Favors, was transform'd into an Almond-Tree as she was going to hang herself.

11 Æneas and Dido. The pious Hero excus'd his falsehood by the Injunction of the Gods.

12 The Poet Stesichorus wrote a bitter Satire against Helen, for which her Brothers Castor and Pollux pluck'd out his Eyes; but having recanted some time in his Palinodia, a Poem quite contrary to the former, he was restored to his Sight.

13 Endymion, with whom the Moon fell in Love, and descended to converse with him on Mount Latmos in Caria.

14 Aurora being in Love with Cephalus, who had marry'd Procris the King of Athens his Daughter, found him so invincibly constant to his Wife, that 'tis said she was forc'd to ravish him. The Reader will meet with a fuller Account of him at the End of this Book.

15 Adonis the Son of Cynaras, King of Cyprus, was slain by a Boar as he was hunting, to the inexpressible Grief of the Goddess Venus.

16 Harmonia, or Hermione, was the Daughter of Venus by the God Mars, as was the Dardan Prince Æneas her Son by Anchises.

17 Still Women lose, you cry, &c.

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit.

Quid, nisi quam sumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?

These Verses are not barely translated to the literal Sense which is conceiv'd to be in 'em; but paraphras'd according to the Interpretation of Heinſius, who ſeems truly to underſtand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from Scaliger and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to conſult the Commentary of Heinſius on this Place, he will find by other Inſtances cited from Ovid, that *aquam ſumere* was a Phraſe appropriated to a particular Time and Cuſtom among Women. This had not been inſiſted on here, had it not been the only Paſſage in this Book which all other Commentators but Heinſius have render'd unintelligible; for otherwiſe the Verſes are not very conſiderable: And the moſt which Ovid ſays in this Place, is no more than if ſpeaking of eating he had ſaid, Why ſhould any one ſcruple to uſe their Hands, when it can coſt 'em nothing but a little Water to waſh 'em afterward, which is not worth ſaying?

18 Andromache, the wife of Hector, is always repreſented as a plain ſort of Woman.

19 The Capitol was a Hill in Rome, ſo called from a Man's Head, which was found there as the Romans were digging the Foundation of the Temple of Jupiter.

20 Iole, Daughter of Eurytus, King of OEchalia, and Wiſe to Hercules. He took her from her Father by Force, becauſe the King would not conſent to it when he return'd from Ætolia, where he had marry'd Deianira.

21 Hippodamia the Daughter of Briſes, from thence call'd Briſeis, fell by Lot to Achilles at the Sack of Lyrneſſus.

22 Andromeda, the Daughter of Cepheus King of Æthiopia, was for her Mother's Pride expos'd to be devour'd by an horrible Sea-Monster, but, being rescu'd by Perseus, she was afterwards marry'd to him.

23 Caucasus is a Mountain which stretches itself from the East-Indies to Mount Taurus, but goes by several Names, according as it is inhabited by several Nations.

24 Mysia is a Country in Asia Minor bordering upon Troas, remarkable for nothing more than the Worthlessness of its Inhabitants. Ovid saith, he is addressing himself to the Polite Roman Ladies, and not to the wild Inhabitants of Caucasus and Mysia.

25 He means his Book de Medicamine Faciei, of which we have some Fragments remaining.

26 There were two famous Statuaries of this Name, one a Lycian, and the other of Eluthera.

27 Semele, the Daughter of Cadmus, and Mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, having the Curiosity to enjoy the God in his Celestial Majesty, was burnt by Lightning. Leda was the Daughter of Thestius, and the Wife of Tyndarus King of OEbalia: Jupiter in the Shape of a Swan enjoy'd her as she was bathing in the River Eurotus.

28 Europa, the Daughter of Agenor King of Phœnicia, was ravish'd by Jupiter in the Shape of a Bull.

29 Pharos, was a little Island at the Mouth of the Nile, abounding with Crocodiles, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles, or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin.

30 Analestides, little Bolsters of Flocks. The same Invention is us'd in our Days, both for this Defect in Women, and in calv'd Stockings for the Men. And 'tis satisfactory to the Curious to know the Fashion is 1800 Years old.

31 The Umbrians inhabited a Country joining to the Appennine Hills, which run from Savona, on the Coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian Straits. This Nation were reckon'd as rustic in their Manners, as strong in their Bodies, and stout of Heart. The Poet gives us, in an Umbrian Woman, a just Idea of a Modern Peasant's Wife.

32 The Syrēns were three in Number, Parthenope, Leucora and Ligia, half Women, and half Fish. One made Use of her Voice, the second of her Lyre, and the third of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coast of Sicily, where they charm'd Voyagers, but Ulysses escap'd them.

33 Orpheus was so skilful in playing on the Lyre, that he drew after him Trees and wild Beasts, and charm'd Hell with his Music, whither he went to recover his Wife Eurydice.

34 Amphion, the Son of Jupiter and Antiope, is said to have built the Walls of Thebes by the Sound of his Lyre.

35 Arion was a Musician of Lesbos. Having got a great deal of Money in his Travels, the Sailors robb'd him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by Sea; but a Dolphin, charmed with his Music, convey'd him on his Back safe to Peloponnesus, where he procured Periander to put the Sailors to Death.

36 Callimachus, the Son of Battus, was look'd upon to be one of the wittiest and politest Men of his Age.

37 Philetas was a Native of Coos, an Island in the Ægean Seas; he was a celebrated Poet, and Writer of Elegies, and flourished under Philip, and his Son Alexander the Great.

38 Anacreon was a Lyric Poet of Teios; being a great Lover of Wine, he choak'd himself with a Grape-stone as he was drinking.

39 Sapho was born at Mitylene in the Isle of Lesbos : She writ nine Books of Elegies, and several Epigrams and Satires. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verses, for which Reason Ovid recommends 'em. According to some Authors, she flung herself into the Sea, because Phaon neglected her.

40 These three were celebrated Poets of the Augustan Age. Propertius was a Native of Umbria, and very much esteem'd by Mæcenas. Gallus commanded under Augustus in Ægypt; and Tibullus was no less remarkable for his Wit, than his Gallantry and Profusion.

41 Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, of the Province of Gallia Narbonensis, was in Love with a Lady call'd Leucadia, whom he celebrated in his Poetry.

42 The Poet means the Summer-Season, when the Sun passes through Cancer, Leo, and Virgo.

43 These were the most noted Gardens in Rome, and in the Field of Mars.

44 'Tis said Phœbus descended at the Battle of Actium, and was present on the Romans' Side when Augustus beat Mark Anthony.

45 Octavia's Portico built near Marcellus's Theatre.

46 Agrippa marry'd Julia, Augustus's Daughter by Scribonia, and his Father-in-Law honor'd him with a Naval Crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the Porticos in Rome was built or nam'd by Agrippa.

47 Ovid gives us to understand, in his first Book of the Art of Love, that People frequented the Temple of Isis, on purpose to carry on their amorous Intrigues.

48 Thamyras, the Son of Philammon, was a Poet, and one of the greatest Musicians of his Time : Having gain'd the Prize of Singing at the Pythic Games, he met the

Muses in his Return homewards, and had the Insolence to give them a Challenge, fancying he cou'd outdo them in that Art; at which the Daughters of Jupiter were so enrag'd that they depriv'd him of his Reason, or as Diodorus says they took from him his Voice, and his Art of playing on the Lute.

49 Apelles was for his great Skill call'd the Prince of Painters; his Master-piece was reckon'd the Venus rising out of the Sea, of which Ovid speaks in this Place.

50 Ennius was the first Roman that wrote Annals in Heroic Verse; his Subject was the Wars of Italy, and particularly the second Punic War, which he did to compliment his Friend and Patron Scipio, in whose Tomb he was bury'd, and who plac'd the Poet's Statue near his own, which shows how highly he honor'd him.

51 Danaë, Daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos; who, having consulted the Oracle, and being told he should be kill'd by her Son, shut her up in a Brazen Tower to prevent it. But Jupiter, transforming himself into a Golden Shower, brib'd her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renown'd Perseus. Her Father commanded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but being fortunately cast ashore, on one of the Islands call'd Cyclades, the King of the Island marry'd the Mother; and Perseus, when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his Grand-father.

52 Priam, King of Troy, and Father of Paris, who stole Helen, was for restoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their Ambassadors; but, other Councils prevailing, the War ensu'd, which ended in the Destruction of Troy, and the Death of Priam, who was kill'd by Pyrrhus, Son of Achilles, after a forty Years Reign.

53 The Temple of Venus stood in the Appian Way, and was much frequented by the intriguing Roman Ladies, who came thither to meet their Sparks.

54 Minerva, playing on her Flute by a River's Side, and observing in the Water what Grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the Instrument in a Passion.

55 Tecmessa, the Daughter of Teuthrantes a Phrygian Prince, was taken Prisoner by the Grecians, and fell to Ajax his Lot, upon the Division of the Spoil.

56 These are Names the Roman Poets of those Times gave their Mistresses in their Verses.

57 Thais was a Name given to all Sorts of Women of a lewd Character, who, however, affect Discretion.

58 Argus had an hundred Eyes, and kept Io from Jupiter by Juno's Order, for which Mercury kill'd him by Command of his Father Jove; to make him Amend Juno turn'd him into a Peacock, and placed his Eyes in his Tail.

59 The Poet alludes here to those wicked Women who rose against the Men; and did not spare their own Husbands.

60 The Priestesses and Priests of Bacchus, who celebrated the Festival of that God, did it with the Noise of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels, and Cymbals; were crown'd with Ivy, Vine, &c. and carry'd a Thyrsus or Staff wreath'd with it in their Hands; they were frantic and outrageous in their Actions during this Ceremony.

61 By this Ovid shews he's both a Poet and a Lover, for the Swans are dedicated to Apollo, and are said to draw Venus's Car sometimes, tho' the Doves are ofteneft us'd upon that Occasion.

OF
P L E A S I N G ;

A N
E P I S T L E

To Sir RICHARD TEMPLE.

'T I S strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
That no one Man is pleas'd with what he has,
So Horace sings————and sure, as strange is this :
That no one Man's displeas'd with what he is.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content.
Nor is that all ; so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can,
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien ;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise ;
Th' untrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,
Whisp'ring his Nothing round to all as friends.

Dull rogues affect the politician's part ;
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art ;
 Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails ;
 And he, who nothing pays, at taxes rails,
 Thus man, perverse, against plain nature strives,
 And to be artfully absurd contrives.
 Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
 Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
 Noisome Curculio, whose envenomed breath,
 Tho' at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
 Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws ;
 Nor mends his manners, tho' you hold your nose.
 Thermites, who seems born to give offence,
 From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,
 Assumes soft Airs, and with a slur comes in,
 Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.
 Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
 And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
 But, that forsaken, we like comets err :
 Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
 And all our boasted fire is lost in smok.

Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or ease,
 Men most affect, in general, to please ;
 Of this affection vanity's the source,
 And vanity alone obstructs its course ;
 That telescope of fools, thro' which they spy
 Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
 The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
 And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
 Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
 And to his proper force adapt his mind ;

300 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Scarce one, but to some merit might pretend,
 Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
 Who would reprove us, while he makes us laugh,
 Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaffe.
 If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
 We bid the dying patient drink and live :
 When Murus comes, we cry, beware the pill ;
 And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
 We study 'em with profit and delight :
 But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
 We grieve we've learnt to read; ay, curse the time.
 All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
 " Affect not any thing in Nature's Spite."
 Baboons and apes ridiculous we find ;
 For what ? For ill resembling human-kind.
 " None are, for being what they are, in fault ;
 But for not being what they wou'd be thought."
 Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
 As to one perfect in the pleasing art ;
 If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
 By nature form'd for love, and for esteem.
 Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
 And really are, what others but profess.
 I'll not offend you, while my self I please ;
 I loathe to flatter, tho' I love to praise.
 But when such early worth so bright appears,
 And antedates the fame which waits on years ;
 I can't so stupidly affected prove,
 Not to confess it, in the man I love.
 Tho' now I aim not at that known applause
 You've won in arms, and in your country's cause;

Nor patriot now, nor hero, I commend,
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this essay.
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which after we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person, once,
Concern'd to find his only son a dunce;
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatise by,
'Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the fire prepares the book t' impart,
Which was yclep'd "Of memory the art."
But ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For now he could not find his book again.
The place, where he had laid it, he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my case: like most of theirs, who teach;
I ill may practise, what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the Min'ries sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,

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Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then shew us what are bad, by what they write.

A
P I N D A R I C
O D E,

HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE
Q U E E N,

ON THE VICTORIOUS PROGRESS OF
Her MAJESTY's Arms, under the Conduct of
the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefixed,
A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

— Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

HOR. Ode 2. L. 4.

A
DISCOURSE
ON THE
PINDARIC ODE.

THE following ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient lyric poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of poems intituled pindaric odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant, in our language, one ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees * brought their honey, an omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late pindarics, is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of

* Pausan. Bæot.

irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain and perplexed verses and rhimes. And I appeal to any reader if this is not the condition in which these titular odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the Measures and Numbers of his Stanzas and Verses, and the perpetual Coherence of his Thoughts: For, tho' his Digressions are frequent, and his Transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret Connexion, which, tho' not always appearing to the Eye, never fails to communicate itself to the Understanding of the Reader.

The Liberty which he took in his Numbers, and which has been so § misunderstood and misapply'd by his pretended Imitators, was only in varying the Stanzas in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever Correspondent one to another in their Turns, and according to the Order of the Odes.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are Songs of Triumph, Victory or Success in the Grecian Games:

§ For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. who have apply'd *numerusque fertur lege solutus*, to all the Odes of Pindar; which, there, expressly relates only to his Dithyrambics, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer, than the Sense of Horace in that Place. He says, Pindar deserves the Laurel, let him write of what, or in what Manner soever, viz. first, whether he writes Dithyrambics, which break through the Bounds prescrib'd to other Odes; or secondly, whether he writes of Gods and Heroes, their Warlike Achievements, &c. Or thirdly, whether he sings of the Victors in the Grecian Games: Or lastly, whether he sings in Honor of the Dead, and writes Elegies, &c.

They were sung by a Chorus, and adapted to the Lyre, and sometimes to the Lyre and [6] Pipe: they consisted ofteneft of Three Stanzas; the first was called the Strophé from the Version or circular Motion of the Singers in that Stanza from the Right Hand to the [7] Left. The second Stanza was call'd the Antistrophé, from the Contraversion of the Chorus; the Singers, in performing that, turning from the Left Hand to the Right, contrary always to their Motion in the Strophé. The Third Stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the After-song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one Hand nor the other.

What the Origin was of these different Motions and Stations in singing their Odes, is not our present Business to inquire. Some have thought that by the Contrariety of the Strophé and Antistrophé, they intended to represent the Contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in respect of the Secunda Mobilia, and that by their standing still at the Epode, they meant to signify the Stability of the earth. [8]

[6] Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace L. 4. Ode 1. *missis Carminibus non sine fistula.* and L. 3. Ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum Lyra?*

[7] Or from the Left to the Right, for the Scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in Pind. Schol. *Introduc. ad Olymp.* And Alex. ab Alexandro. L. 4. c. 17. speaking of the Ceremony of the Chorus, says, *Cursum auspicati a Læva dextrorsum-----mox a dextra Lævorsum.* But the Learned Schmidius takes part with the first Opinion, as more consistent with the Notions of the Ancients concerning the Motions of the Heavenly Spheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See Eras. Schmid. *Prolegom. in Olymp. &c. de Carmin. Lyric.*

[8] Pind. Schol. & Schmid. *Ibid.*

Others ascribe the Institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the Windings and Turnings of the Labyrinth, in celebrating his Return from thence.

The Method observ'd in the Composition of these Odes, was therefore as follows. The Poet, having made Choice of a certain Number of Verses to constitute his Strophé or first Stanza, was oblig'd to observe the same in his Antistrophé or second Stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of Verses and quantity of Feet: He was then again at Liberty to make a new Choice for his third Stanza, or Epode; where, accordingly, he diversify'd his Numbers, as his Ear or Fancy led him; composing that Stanza of more or fewer Verses than the former, and those Verses of different Measures and Quantities, for the greater Variety of Harmony and Entertainment of the Ear.

But then this Epode being thus form'd, he was strictly oblig'd to the same [1] Measures as often as he should repeat it in the Order of his Ode, so that every Epode in the same Ode is eternally the same in Measure and Quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every Strophé and Antistrophé, in respect to each other.

The Lyric Poet Stefichorus (whom [2] Longinus reckons amongst the ablest Imitators of Homer, and of whom [3] Quintilian says, that, if he could have kept within Bounds, he would have been nearest of any Body, in Merit, to Homer) was, if not the Inventaer of this Order in the Ode, yet so strict an Observer of it in his Compositions, that the Three Stanzas of Stefichorus became a common

[1] Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap. 97. l. 3.

[2] Longin. de Sub. c. 13. [3] Quint. Inst. l. 10. c. 1.

Proverb to express a Thing universally known, [1] *ne tria quidem Stefichori nosti*; so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive Ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, he did not so much as know the Three Stanzas of Stefichorus; that is, did not know that an Ode ought to consist of a Strophé, Antistrophé, and an Epode. If this was such a Mark of Ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same Reproof; I mean, in respect of our Imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My Intention is not to make a long Preface to a short Ode, nor to enter upon a Dissertation of Lyric Poetry in general: But thus much I thought proper to say, for the Information of those Readers whose Course of Study has not led 'em into such Inquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact Copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a Pattern for his Imitators for the future; Far from such Thoughts, I have only given an Instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the Force and Elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the Harmony and Regularity of his Numbers.

Again, we having no Chorus to sing our Odes, the Titles, as well as Use, of Strophé, Antistrophé and Epode, are Obsolete and Impertinent: And certainly there may be very good English Odes, without the Distinction of Greek Appellations to their Stanzas. That I have mention'd

[1] *ὅτι τὰ τρία Στεσιχόρου γνώσκεις*, de vehementer indocto & imperito dici solitum. Erasm. Adag.

'em here, and observ'd the Order of 'em in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary Regularity of the Composition of those Odes, which have been represented to us, hitherto, as the most confus'd Structures in Nature.

However, though there be no Necessity that our Triumphant Odes should consist of the Three aforementioned Stanza's; yet if the Reader can observe, that the great Variation of the Numbers in the Third Stanza (call it Epode, or what you please) has a pleasing Effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the First and Second Stanzas with more Appetite, than he could do if always cloy'd with the same Quantities and Measures, I cannot see why some Use may not be made of Pindar's Example, to the great Improvement of the English Ode. There is certainly a Pleasure in beholding any Thing that has Art and Difficulty in the Contrivance; especially, if it appears so carefully executed, that the Difficulty does not shew itself, 'till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the Work, first sets us upon the Inquiry, Nothing can be call'd Beautiful without Proportion. When Symmetry and Harmony are wanting, neither the Eye nor the Ear can be pleas'd. Therefore certainly Poetry, which includes Painting and Music, should not be destitute of 'em; and of all Poetry, especially the Ode, whose End and Essence is Harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindaric Odes, speaking of the Music of Numbers, says, which sometimes (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any Thing else makes an Excellent Poet.

Having mention'd Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the Imitation of Pindar is the Theme of our Dis-

course. But there is that great Deference due to the Memory, great Parts, and Learning of that Gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the Latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The Beauty of his Verses, are an Atonement for the Irregularity of his Stanza's; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the Strictness of his Numbers, he has very often happily copy'd him in the Force of his Figures, and Sublimity of his Stile and Sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley, may have been the principal, though innocent, Occasion of so many deformed Poems, since which instead of being true Pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian Painters Term) been only Caricaturas of him, Resemblances that for the most part have been either Horrid or Ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my Error, in having heretofore miscall'd a few irregular Stanza's a Pindaric Ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same mistake, would ingenuously confess the Truth, they might own that, never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his Irregularity upon trust; and finding their Account in the great Ease with which they could produce Odes without being oblig'd either to Measure or Design, remain'd satisfy'd; and, it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceiv'd.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his Name, yet if § Pausanias was well inform'd, we may be assur'd, that Brevity was a Beauty which he most industriously labor'd to preserve in his Hymns, notwith-

standing, as the same Author reports, that they were but few in Number.

The Shortness of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the Preface, and in some measure for the Defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same Number of Stanzas with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other Beauty, I resolv'd to endeavour to copy his Brevity, and take the Advantage of a Remark he has made in the last Strophé of the same Ode, which take in the Paraphrase of Sudorius.

Qui multa paucis stringere commode
 Novere, morsus hi facile invidos
 Spernunt, & auris mensque pura
 Omne supervacuum rejectat.

O D E.

I.

DAughter of memory, immortal muse,
 Calliope, what poet wilt thou chuse
 Of A N N A's name to sing ?
 To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
 Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art ;
 Whom raise sublime on thy ætherial wing,
 And consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring ?

II.

Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind
 Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
 Striving to rise in vain :
 Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
 To celebrate bright virtue's praise.
 Thy aid obtain'd, even I, the humblest swain,
 May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lonely plain.

III.

High in the starry orb is hung,
 And next Alcides' guardian arm,
 That [1] harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
 Who woods, and rocks, and winds, cou'd charm ;
 That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,
 When first the vocal shell was found,
 With more than mortal skill
 Inventor Hermes taught to sound :

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Hermes on bright Latona's son,
 By sweet persuasion won,
 The wond'rous work bestow'd ;
 Latona's son, to thine
 Indulgent, gave the gift divine !
 A god the gift, a god th' invention show'd.

I.

To that high sounding lyre I tune my strains ;
 A lower note his lofty song disdains
 Who sings of A N N A's name.
 The lyre is struck ! the sounds I hear !
 O muse, propitious to my pray'r !
 O well-known sounds ! O melody, the same
 That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian flame !

II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone :
 Witness sweet Spencer's lays :
 And witness that immortal song,
 As Spencer sweet, as Milton strong,
 Which humble Boyne o'er Tyber's flood could raise,
 And mighty William sing, with well-proportion'd praise.

III.

Rise, fair Augusta, lift thy head,
 With golden tow'rs thy front adorn ;
 Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
 With cheerful ray the ruddy morn.

Thy lovely form, and fresh reviving state,
 In crystal flood of Thames survey ;
 Then, blest thy better fate,
 Blest A N N A's most auspicious sway.
 While distant realms and neighb'ring lands,
 Arm'd troops and hostile bands
 On every side molest,
 Thy happier clime is free,
 Fair CAPITAL of liberty !
 And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd ocean roars,
 Unshaken sees against her silver shores
 His foaming billows beat ;
 So Britain's QUEEN amidst the jars
 And tumults of a world in wars,
 Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
 Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of fate.

II.

But greatest souls, tho' blest with sweet repose,
 Are soonest touch'd with sense of others' woes.
 Thus ANNA's mighty mind,
 To mercy and soft pity prone,
 And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
 Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
 To wake for common good, and succour human kind.

II.

Fly, tyranny, no more be known
 Within Europa's blissful bound ;
 Far as th' uninhabitable zone
 Fly ev'ry hospitable ground.
 To horrid [2] Zembla's frozen realms repair,
 There with the baleful beldam NIGHT,
 Unpeopl'd empire share,
 And rob those lands of legal right.
 For now is come the promis'd hour,
 When justice shall have pow'r ;
 Justice to earth restor'd !
 Again Astrea reigns !
 ANNA her equal scale maintains,
 And MALBRÔ wields her sure-deciding sword.

I.

Now, cou'd'st thou soar, my muse, to sing the MAN
 In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan
 Her tow'ring pinions spread ;
 Thou shou'd'st of MALBRÔ sing, whose hand,
 Unerring from his QUEEN's command,
 Far as the [3] seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,
 To save th' imperial state, her hardy Britons led,

II.

Nor there thy song shou'd end ; tho' all the nine
 Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join

To sing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And Veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay ;
And Spoils and Trophies won perplex'd the victor's way.

III.

But cou'd thy voice of Blenheim sing,
And with success that song pursue ;
What art cou'd aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor still in view ?
For as the Sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
Nor sets, but with impartial ray
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day :
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great MARLBOROUGH, still the same,
Incessant runs his course ;
To climes remote, and near,
His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
And universal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary muse,
For O ! what notes, what numbers cou'dst thou chuse,
Tho' in all numbers skill'd ;
To sing the hero's matchless deed,
Which [4] Belgia sav'd, and Brabant freed ;
To sing Ramilia's day ! to which must yield
[5] Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd [6] Pharsalia's field.
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II.

In the short course of a diurnal sun,
Behold the work of many ages done!

What verse such worth can raise?

Lustre and life the poet's art

To middle virtue may impart;

But deeds sublime, exalted high like these,

Transcend his utmost flight and mock his distant praise.

III.

Still wou'd the willing muse aspire,

With transport still her strains prolong;

But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,

And admiration stops her song.

Go on, great chief, in A N N A's cause proceed;

Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword,

'Till Europe thou hast freed,

And universal peace restor'd.

This mighty work when thou shalt end,

Equal rewards attend,

Of value far above

Thy trophies and thy spoils;

Rewards even worthy of thy toils,

Thy QUEEN's just favour, and thy COUNTRY's love.

NOTES to the Foregoing ODE.

ORpheus was said to be the Son of the Muse Calliope. The Poetical Fiction of the Harp of Orpheus is this. Mercury, the same Day that he was born of Maia in Cylene, a Mountain of Arcadia, found a living Tortoise, which he carried home with him to his Cradle, and immediately compos'd a Harp of the Shell. A little after he stole the Oxen of Apollo; this caus'd some Difference between the Deities, but the Matter being referr'd to Jupiter, he order'd Mercury to return the Oxen to the right Owner; on this there follow'd not only a Reconciliation but Friendship, and Apollo expressing an extreme Pleasure at the Invention of the Harp, Mercury bestow'd it on him as a Pledge of his future Friendship. Of this Homer, in his Hymn to Mercury, speaks at large. Afterwards Apollo, inventing another Instrument call'd the Cithara, gave the Lyra to Orpheus. The Muses, after the Death of Orpheus, translated his Harp into Heaven, where it became a Constellation, and is plac'd between the Knee and Left Arm of Engonasis or Hercules.

2 Nova Zembla, a miserable Region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither Tree nor Herb, but perpetual Frost and Snow, and where, for one half of the Year, it is continual Night.

3 Lucan in his Third Book, V. 202. gives it the indefinite Epithet of Multifidi Istri. But Ovid. Trist. 2. Solus ad ingressus missus Septemplicis Istri. And Sidonius Apollinaris gives it the same Epithet, on the like Occasion with this Ode, when in his Panegyric to Majorianus Cæsar, he tells him,

Illicet aggrederis, quod nullus tempore nostro
 Augustus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Istri;
 Agmen in Arma rapis.

The Ancient Geographers differ'd very much in their Account of the Rise of this River; so that on a double Account the same Epithets may be appropriated to it which are usual to the Nile.

4 Belgia need not only be strictly understood of the Seven Provinces, call'd *Belgium Fœderatum*, by the Distinction made in the Time of Phil. 2. but may also be interpreted with respect to that which was anciently call'd *Belgium*, comprehending the lower Germany, in regard of the great Consequences attending such a Victory.

5 Cannæ, as inconsiderable a Village as *Blenheim*, 'till in like Manner made Memorable and Illustrious by the great and intire Victory which *Hannibal* obtain'd there over the Romans.

6 *Pharsalia*, famous for the Overthrow of *Pompey* by *Julius Cæsar*, a wonderful Victory, but may justly be said to yield to that of *Ramilies*. For the Design and End of the first was to enslave Mankind, the manifest Aim and Event of the latter has been to set 'em at Liberty.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIC ODE.

——— Quemvis media erue turba :
Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor ———.
Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio : quin per mala præceps
Fertur ———.
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.

HOR. Sat. 4. L. 1.

O D E

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition some excites ;
And some desire of martial spoils
To bloody fields invites ;

Others insatiate thirst of gain
 Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
 To pass the burning line, and bear
 Th' inclemency of winds, and seas and air ;
 Pressing the doubtful voyage 'till INDIA's shore
 Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore.

II.

Nor widows' tears, nor tender orphans' cries,
 Can stop th' invader's force ;
 Nor swelling seas, nor threat'ning skies,
 Prevent the pirate's course :
 Their lives to selfish ends decreed,
 Thro' blood or rapine they proceed ;
 No anxious thoughts of ill repute
 Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit :
 But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
 Their fellow-creatures fears they raise, or urge their hate.

III.

But not for these his iv'ry lyre
 Will tuneful Phæbus string,
 Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir
 Th' immortal epode sing.
 Thy springs, [1] Castalia, turn their streams aside
 From rapine, avarice, and pride ;
 Nor do thy greens, shady [2] Aonia, grow,
 To bind with wreaths a Tyrant's brow.

How just, most mighty Jove, yet how severe
Is thy supreme decree,

[3] That impious men shall joyless hear
The muses harmony !

Their sacred songs (the recompence
Of virtue and of innocence)

Which pious minds to rapture raise,

And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,

To guilty hearts afford no kind relief ;

But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monstrous [4] Typhæus, thus, new terrors fill,

He, who assail'd the skies,

And now beneath the burning hill

Of dreadful Ætna lies.

Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,

He bellows in th' abyss profound ;

Silicia trembles at his roar,

Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore ;

While all his hundred mouths, at once, expire

Volumes of curling smoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heav'n alone all good proceeds,

To heav'nly minds belong

All pow'r and love, GONDOLPHIN, of good deeds

And sense of sacred song ;

And thus most pleasing are the muse's lays

To them who merit most her praise

Wherefore, for thee her iv'ry lyre she strings,
And soars with rapture while she sings.

I.

Whether affairs of most important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And ANNA's cause and Europe's fate
Thy serious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are spent
In cares, on public good intent;
Or whether leisure hours invite
To manly sports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous steeds contest, with emulation fir'd;

II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,
As once she [5] Theron sung,
While with the deathless worthy's fame
Olympian [6] Pifa rung:
Nor less sublime is now her choice,
Nor less inspir'd by thee her voice.
And now, she loves aloft to sound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd,
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
The swift-heel'd [7] horse to praise, and sing his rapid
[flight.

III.

And see! the [8] air-born racers start,
Impatient of the rein;
Faster they run, than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor, passing, print the plain!

POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 323

The winds themselves, who with their swiftness vye,
In vain their airy pinions ply ;
So far in matchless speed thy courfers pass
Th' Æthereal authors of their race.

I.

And now, a while, the well-strain'd courfers breathe,
And now, my muse prepare
Of [9] olive leaves a twisted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
[10] Pallas, in care of human kind,
The fruitful olive first design'd ;
Deep in the glebe her spear she lanc'd,
When, all at once, the laden boughs advanc'd ;
The gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one consent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid ;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Against the sounding beach ; the stroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, swift as light,
Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous sight !
Neptune for human good the beast ordains,
Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to [11] bear
the reins.

III.

Thus gods contended, (noble strife !
 Worthy the heav'nly mind)
 Who most should do to soften anxious life,
 And most indear mankind.
 Thus thou, GODOLPHIN, dost with MARLBORÔ strive
 From whose joint toils we rest derive :
 Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,
 Sweet peace at home thy care secures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 **C**ommonly Castalius, but by Virg. Georg. 3. call'd Castalia, a Fountain at the Foot of Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

2 Aënia, the hilly and woody Part of Bœotia, believ'd to have been much frequented by the Muses.

3 That impious Men shall joyless hear, &c. This Thought or Opinion is borrow'd from Pindar, Pyth. 1. where he says----But such Men whom Jupiter hates are confounded with Terror when they hear the sweet Harmony of the Muses. This Passage is often cited by Plutarch, and others, in Favor of Music and Poetry. Mr. Cowley in his Notes on his Davideis, Book 1. on David's dispossessing Saul of the Evil Spirit, collects a great Number of surprising Citations on this Subject.

4 Typhœus, one of the Giants who attempted to storm Heav'n ; but Jupiter struck him with Thunder, and laid him under the Island of Sicily with Ætna on his Breast.

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This Stanza is also copied from the same Ode of Pindar, where this Monster is said to have an hundred Heads, as also in Olymp. 4.

5 Theron a Prince of Agrigentum, to whom Pindar addresses his second and third Olympic.

6 Pisa, a Town in Peloponnesus, near to which the Olympic Games were celebrated.

7 So Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. speaks of Pindar, — as singing sometimes the Hero, sometimes the Horse ;
—— Pugilemve Equumve dicit, &c.

8 Air-born. Alluding to the Notion that Mares have conceived by the Western Wind, without the assistance of a Horse : See Virg. Georg. 3. ver. 273. from whence Tasso has borrow'd the Birth of Raymond's Horse. Gierusalem Canto 7.

Volta l'aperta Bocca incontro l'ora
Raccoglie i semi del secondo vento,
E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia !) &c.

—— illæ

Ore omnes versæ in Zephyrum, stant rupibus altis,
Excequantque Leves auras & sæpe sine ullis
Conjugiis, vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu !) &c. Virg.

9 Olive Leaves. An olive Garland was the Reward of Victory in the Olympic Games.

ro Pallas, &c. The Fable on which this Digression is founded, is, that Neptune and Pallas had a Contention who should give the Name to Athens ; and it was agreed, that which of 'em should confer the greatest Benefit on mankind, should obtain the Victory. The Gods were assembled in Judgment, and Pallas struck the Earth with her spear, whence up sprung the fruitful Olive-tree ; then Neptune in his turn darted his Trident against the Earth, which open-

ing was deliver'd of a Horse ; but the Victory was adjudg'd to Pallas.

12 To hear the Reins-----They who do not remember Virgil, may think this Metaphor too bold. He has ventur'd to apply it ev'n to the Chariot rather than the Horses, Georg. 1.

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

A N

IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A T A L E.

TO thee, dear Dick, this tale I send,
Both as a critic and a friend.

I tell it with some variation

(Not altogether a translation)

From La Fontaine ; an author, Dick,

Whose muse would touch thee to the quick.

The subject is of that same kind,

To which thy heart seems most inclin'd :

How verse may alter it, God knows,

Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in prose.

So, without preface, or pretence,

To hold thee longer in suspense,

I shall proceed, as I am able,

To the recital of my Fable.

A Goblin of the merry kind,
 More black of hue, than curst of mind,
 To help a lover in distress,
 Contriv'd a charm with such success;
 That in short space the cruel dame
 Relented, and return'd his flame.
 The bargain made betwixt 'em both,
 Was bound by honor and by oath:
 The lover laid down his salvation,
 And Satan stak'd his reputation.
 The latter promis'd on his part
 [To serve his friend and shew his art,]
 That Madam shou'd by twelve o'clock,
 Tho' hitherto as hard as rock,
 Become as gentle as a glove,
 And kiss and coo like any dove.
 In short, the woman shou'd be his,
 That is upon condition——Viz.
 That he, the lover, after tasting
 What one wou'd wish were everlasting,
 Should, in return for such enjoyment,
 Supply the fiend with fresh employment:
 That's all, quoth Pug; my poor request
 Is, only never to have rest;
 You thought, 'tis like, with reason too,
 That I shou'd have been serv'd, not you:
 But what? upon my friend impose!
 No———tho' a devil, none of those.
 Your business then, pray understand me,
 Is nothing more but to command me.

Of one thing only let me warn ye,
 Which somewhat nearly may concern ye :
 As soon as e'er one work is done,
 Straight name a new one ; and so on ;
 Let each to other quick succeed,
 Or else——— you know how 'tis agreed———
 For if thro' any hums or haws,
 There haps an intervening pause,
 In which, for want of fresh commands,
 Your slave obsequious idle stands
 Nor soul nor body ever more
 Shall serve the nymph whom you adore :
 But both be laid at Satan's feet,
 To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.

At once the lover all approves :
 For who can hesitate that loves ?
 And thus he argues in his thought ;
 Why, after all, I venture nought ;
 What mystery is in commanding ?
 Does that require much understanding ?
 Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
 He'd go the better of the lay :
 But he must do what I think fit——
 Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit.

Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
 Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair :
 The spell takes place, and all goes right,
 And happy he employs the night.
 In sweet embraces, balmy kisses ;
 And riots in the bliss of blisses.
 O joy, cry'd he, that hast no equal !
 But hold——no raptures-----mark the sequel.

For now, when near the morning's dawn,
 The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
 His eyes a silky slumber seiz'd,
 Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
 But that officious Demon, near,
 Now buzz'd for business in his ear;
 In haste he names a thousand things:
 The Goblin plys his wicker wings,
 And in a trice returns to ask
 Another, and another task.
 Now, palaces are built and tow'rs,
 The work of ages in few hours.
 Then, storms are in an instant rais'd;
 Which the next moment are appeas'd:
 Now show'rs of gold and gems are rain'd,
 As if each India had been drain'd,
 And he, in one astonish'd view,
 Sees both Golconda and Peru.
 These things, and stranger things than these,
 Were done with equal speed and ease.
 And now to Rome poor Pug he'll send:
 And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,
 And soon return'd with such a pack
 Of bulls and pardons at his back,
 That now, the squire (who had some hope
 In holy water and the pope,)
 Was out of heart, and at a stand
 What next to wish, and what command;
 Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
 And black despair succeeds brown study,
 In this distress the woful youth
 Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,

Begging her council, for whose sake
Both soul and body were at stake.
And is this all ? replies the fair
Let me alone to cure this care.
When next your Dæmon shall appear,
Pray give him——look, what I hold here,
And bid him labor soon or late,
To lay these ringlets lank and straight.
Then, something scarcely to be seen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and, sweetly smiling, cry'd,
Your Goblin's skill shall now be try'd.

She said ; and gave——what shall I call
That thing so shining, crisp and small,
Which round his fingers strove to twine ?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine ?
A sprig from Cytherea's grove ;
Shade of the labyrinth of love ?
With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flow'r of fairy land
Less precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece :
Or that, which modern ages see
The spur and prize of chivalry,
Whose curls, of kindred texture, grace
Heroes and kings of Spanish race.

The spark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He issues thus his strict command.
This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
Render direct, and perpendicular
But so direct, that in no sort
It ever may in rings retort.

See me no more 'till this be done :
Hence, to thy task——avaunt, be gone.

Away the fiend like lightning flies,
And all his wit to work applies,
Anvils and presses he employs,
And dins whole hell with hammering noise.
In vain ; he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing ;
Th' elastic fibre mocks his pains,
And its first spiral form retains.
New stratagems the sprite contrives,
And down the depths of sea he dives :
This sprunt its pertness sure will lose,
When laid, said he, to soak in Ooze.
Poor foolish fiend ! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old ocean with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives,
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vig'rous curls reverts.
So, when to earth Alcides flung
The huge Anteus, whence he sprung,
From ev'ry fall fresh strength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd
Nor knows what sleight to practise next ;
The more he tries, the more he fails ;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails,
But all concur his shame to show,
And more exasperate the foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,
And looks like melancholic mad.

He rolls his eyes now off, now on
 That wonderful Phænomenon.
 Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
 Then, pausing, meditates profound :
 No end he sees of his surprise,
 Nor what it should be can devise :
 For never yet was wool or feather ;
 That could stand buff against all weather ;
 And, unrelax'd like this, resist
 Both wind and rain and snow and mist.
 What stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
 What spinster witch could spin such thread,
 He nothing knew ; but to his cost
 Knew all his fame and labor lost.
 Subdu'd, abash'd, he gave it o'er ;
 'Tis said, he blush'd, 'tis sure, he swore,
 Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
 Could conquer that SUPERB MUSTACK.
 Defeated thus, thus discontent,
 Back to the man the Dæmon went :
 I grant, quoth he, our contract null,
 And give you a discharge in full.
 But tell me now, in name of wonder,
 (Since I so candidly knock under,)
 What is this thing ? where could it grow ?
 Pray take it——'tis in Statu quo.
 Much good may't do you ; for my part,
 I wash my hands of't from my heart.
 In truth, Sir Goblin, or Sir Fairy,
 Replies the lad, you're too soon weary.
 What, leave this trifling task undone !
 And think'ft thou this the only one ;

Alas ! were this subdu'd thou'dst find
Millions of more such still behind,
Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
Both you and all your whole fraternity.

The PEASANT in Search of his HEIFER.

A TALE after M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT so befel : A filly swain
Had sought his heifer long in vain ;
For wanton she had frisking stray'd,
And left the lawn, to seek the shade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood in haste he hies,
Where, singling out the fairest tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or see.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass
A jolly lad and buxom lass :
The place was apt, the pastime pleasant ;
Occasion with her forelock present :
The girl agog, the gallant ready ;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain charms display'd,
Which with such wonder struck his sight,
(With wonder, much ; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, what !
What see I, gods ! What see I not ;

336 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis guess'd,

'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The clown aloft, who lent an ear,

Straight stopt him short in mid career :

And louder cry'd, Ho : Honest friend,

That of thy seeing see'st no end ;

Dost see the heifer that I seek ?

If do, pray be so kind to speak,

H O M E R ' S

H Y M N to V E N U S.

Translated into ENGLISH Verse.

To the READER of the ensuing H Y M N.

OF the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its Design, and connected in its Parts. The other two abound more in Digressions both Geographical and Mythological, and contain many Allusions to ancient Customs and History, which without a Commentary could not well be understood by the generality of Readers. These considerations determin'd me to acquiesce in the Translation of this Hymn; tho' I had once entertained Thoughts of turning 'em all three into English Verse.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary Pleasure; I could not avoid sometimes reflecting on the Censures of some Grammarians, who have deny'd, or at least doubted them to be genuine.

A Poem, which is good in itself, cannot really lose any thing of its Value, tho' it should appear, upon a strict

Inquiry, not to be the Work of so eminent an Author, as him, to whom it was first imputed. But all Truth is so amiable in itself, that even where it is of least Importance there is a Pleasure in the Search after it, and a Satisfaction in the Vindication of it.

Tho' the Beauties of this ensuing Poem, in the Original, want not even the Name of Homer to recommend 'em, and much less does that mighty Name stand in need of their Reputation, yet, if they are his, 'tis an Injustice to him to ascribe 'em to any other; and it is a Hardship to them to deprive 'em of the Authority due to them, and to leave 'em to make their Way thro' bad Judgments, purely by their own Merit.

I will not trouble the Reader with the Inquiry, my Curiosity led me to make in this Matter; I will only give him one Reason, of many, why these Hymns may be receiv'd for genuine. The most suspected of 'em all, is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to observe that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy, from the Beginning of it, the Beginning of his own admirable Poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been suppos'd to have been written by one Cynæthus of Chios, who was a famous & Repeater of Homer's Verses. To obviate which Supposition,

§ After the Decease of Homer, there were such Persons who made a Profession of repeating his Verses; from the Repetitions of whom, and of their Descendents or Successors (for they became a Sect) the entire Poems of Homer in After-times were collected and put in Order. These were call'd Homeristæ, or Homeridæ: Of whom see Ælian. Var. Hist. L. 13. C. 14. Athenæ. L. 1. 5. 14. Strabo L. 14 Pindar Nem. Ode 2. Cælius Rodig. L. 7. C. 29.

we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides in the third Book of his History, and expressly quoted as the Work of Homer.

After his second Quotation, which consists of about half a score Verses, Thucydides observes that in those Verses Homer has made mention of himself: Hence, 'tis beyond Question, Thucydides believ'd or rather was assur'd it was the Work of Homer. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he liv'd within † four hundred Years of Homer, and that is no Distance of Time to render the Knowledge of such Things either uncertain or obscure in such a Country as Greece, and to a Man of such Learning, Power and Wisdom as our Author. The learned Casaubon, in his Comment on a Passage in the first Book of † Strabo, takes the Liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites as Authority against him Part of the Quotation made by Thucydides from the aforementioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no Mention of what Country he was: In one of the Verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself the § blind Man of rocky Chios. Casaubon's Note is as follows: In Hymno Apollinis quem ego cur debeamus *adheseiv* contra auctoritatem [Thucydidis, causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam Hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c.

Y 4

† Herodotus says of himself, in Euterpe, he was but four hundred Years after Homer. Thucydides was Contemporary with Herodotus.

† Strab. L. 1. pag. 30.

§ The Original says—The blind Man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios: And whose Poems shall be in the highest Esteem to all Posterity: Which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.

Now whether it be more reasonable, by the Example of so-learned a Man as Casaubon, to give Credit to the Authority of Thucydides the most grave, wise, faithful, and consummate Historian that ever wrote; or to give into the Scruples, Conjectures, and Suggestions of Scholiasts and Grammarians; I leave to the Determination of each impartial Reader.

H O M E R ' S

H Y M N T O V E N U S.

SING, muse, the force, and all-informing fire
Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire :
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the stubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds and rav'nous beasts of prey
Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway.
Thro' pathless air, and boundless ocean's space,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race ;
Whole nature on her sole support depends,
And, far as life exists, her care extends.
Of all the num'rous host of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love,
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art ;
In shining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights ;
With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd ;
Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with brass to arm, and form the senceful shield ;
She first taught modest maids in early bloom
To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom ;

Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
 Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies:
 She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
 Or silver-sounding voice, to wake the morn,
 To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear,
 To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the wood-land deer:
 Sometimes, of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
 And there of virgin nymphs the chorus leads;
 And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
 And loves society where virtue reigns.

The third celestial pow'r averse to love,
 Is virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove;
 Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phæbus woo'd;
 And both with fruitless labor long pursu'd;
 For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
 And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,
 A virgin-life inviolate to lead;
 She swore, and Jove assenting bow'd his head.
 But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd
 Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
 The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd,
 High on the throne she sits amidst the skies,
 And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice:
 For holy rites to Vesta first are pay'd,
 And on her altar first fruit offerings laid;
 So Jove ordain'd in honor of the maid.

These are the pow'rs above, and only these,
 Whom love and Cytherea's art displease:
 Of other beings none in earth or skies
 Her force resists, or influence denies,
 With ease her charms the thunderer can bind,
 And captivate with love th' almighty mind:

Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey,
 Submits to her, and owns superior sway;
 Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
 He oft descends, his creatures to adore;
 While, to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
 Some well-dissembled shape the god belies.
 Juno, his wife and sister, both in place,
 And beauty first among th' æthereal race;
 Whom, all-transcending in superior worth,
 Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth;
 And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd,
 The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length with just resentment fir'd,
 The laughing queen herself with love inspir'd,
 Swift thro' her veins the sweet contagion ran,
 And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man;
 That she, like other deities, might prove
 The pains and pleasures of inferior love,
 And not insultingly the gods deride,
 Whose sons were human by the mother's side;
 Thus Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn,
 And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head
 His lowing herds the young Anchises fed:
 Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
 Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen.
 To Cyprus straight the wounded goddess flies,
 Where Paphian temples in her honor rise,
 And altars smoke with daily sacrifice.
 Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,
 Where ent'ring quick, the shining gates she barr'd.

344 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The ready graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,
And all adown ambrosial odor sheds.
Lest in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold,
And thus attir'd her chariot she ascends,
And Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat,
Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat:
And ever as she walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood.
Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.

Dogs, lions, wolves and bears their eyes unite,
And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd delight.
For ev'ry glance she gives soft fire imparts,
Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all single out their mates,
And to their shady dens each pair retreats.

Mean time the tent she spies so much desir'd,
Where her Anchises was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends, and fellow-swains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains:
In pleasing solitude the youth she found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
In form and dress, a huntress of the wood:
For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd.

Fix'd he beheld her and with joy admir'd:
 To see a nymph so bright, and so attir'd.
 For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
 As if with radiant flame she were array'd;
 Her hair, in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd,
 In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast;
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein,
 A thrilling joy he felt, and pleasing pain.
 At length he spake---all hail, celestial fair!
 Who humbly dost to visit earth repair.
 Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
 Latona, Cynthia, or the queen of love,
 All hail! all honor shall to thee be paid;
 Or art thou † Themis? or the § blue-ey'd maid?
 Or art thou fairest of the graces three,
 Who with the gods share immortality?
 Or else, some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
 These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?
 Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field,
 I to thy honor will an altar build,
 Where holy off'rings I'll each hour prepare;
 O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r.
 Grant me among the Trojan race to prove
 A patriot, worthy of my country's love.

† Themis, the Goddess of Equity and Right.
 § Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

346 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
 Bless'd in my children and posterity;
 Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
 And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done.

He said,---Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,
 Delight of human kind, thy Sex's pride!
 Honor'd Anchises, you behold in me
 No goddess bless'd with immortality;
 But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
 Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
 Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
 And all her towns and fortresses commands.
 When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
 There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;
 Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,
 I like my own can speak the Trojan tongue.
 In me one of Diana's nymphs behold;
 Why thus arriv'd, I shall the cause unfold.
 As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
 I and my fellow nymphs of Cynthia's train,
 Dancing in Chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
 And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,
 Lo! hov'ring o'er my head I saw the god
 Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod:
 Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their sight,
 Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight.
 O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
 O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deserts waste;
 O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
 And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens.
 Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such,
 We stop't not once the face of earth to touch,

Mean time he told me, while thro' air we fled,
 That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,
 And with illustrious offspring bless his bed.
 This said and pointing to me your abode,
 To heav'n again up-said the swift-wing'd god.
 Thus of necessity to you I come,
 Unknown and lost far from my native home.
 But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove;
 By all that's dear to you; by all you love,
 By your good parents, for no bad could e'er
 Produce a son so graesful, good and fair;
 That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
 But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
 Inviolat and guiltless of your bed,
 Let me be to your house and mother led.
 Me to your father and your brothers shew,
 And our alliance first let them allow:
 Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
 And no unequal match I may be found.
 Equality to them my birth may claim,
 Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,
 Tho' for your wife of too inferior fame.
 Next, let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,
 To tell my father of my fortunes pass'd,
 And ease my mother in that anxious state
 Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
 They in return shall presents bring from thence
 Of rich attire and sums of gold immense:
 You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,
 In price and beauty far above the rest.
 This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
 Grateful to men below, and gods above.

She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,
Which to his heart insinuate desires.

Resistless love invading thus his breast,
The panting youth the smiling queen address'd.

Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
And Otreus you report your father's name;
And since th' immortal Hermes from above,
To execute the dread commands of Jove,
Your wond'rous beauties hither has convey'd,
A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:
Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r

One minute to defer the happy hour,
This Instant will I seize upon thy charms,
Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms:
Tho' Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
Tho' death, tho' hell, in consequence, attend,
Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend.

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand;
The goddess smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand:
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil;
And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.

Her sparkling necklace, first, he laid aside;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair untied:
And now, his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waist;

Her radiant robe at last aside was thrown,
Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The queen of love the youth thus disarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.
Anchises now, (so Jove and fate ordain'd)
The sweet extreme of ecstacy attain'd ;
And mortal he was like th' immortals blest'd,
Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.

But when the swains their flocks and herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry field, returning led
Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed ;
In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound,
The wary goddess her Anchises bound,
Then gently rising from his side and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.

And now, her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,
Nor more a mortal but herself appears :
Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,
Confess'd the goddess, love's and beauty's queen.

Then, thus, aloud she calls. Anchises, wake ;
Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake :
Look on the nymph, who late from Phrygia came,
Behold me well—say, if I seem the same.

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And starting from his bed Anchises woke :
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes.
Aw'd, and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
In winged words, he thus the queen address'd.

When first, O goddess, I thy form beheld,
 Whose charms so far humanity excell'd ;
 To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
 And with humility implor'd thy aid :
 But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
 Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
 But now, I beg thee by the filial love
 Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
 Compassion on my human state to show,
 Nor let me lead a life infirm below :
 Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
 Nor let me share of men the common fate :
 Since never man with length of days was blest,
 Who in delights of love a deity possess'd.

To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd ;
 Be bold, Anchises ; in my love confide ;
 Nor me, nor other god, thou need'st to fear ;
 For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
 Know, from our loves thou shalt a son obtain,
 Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign ;
 From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
 And whose posterity shall know no end.
 To him thou shalt the name § Æneas give,
 As one, for whose conception I must grieve,

§ Æneas, signifying one who causeth Grief : By this Passage, it should seem as if the Etymologists had err'd, who, as he was the Hero of Virgil's Epic Poem, have deriv'd his Name from *αἰνέω* to extol, or praise ; it appearing here expressly to be deriv'd from *ἀνία* Grief or *αἰνάω* to affect with Grief.

Oft as I think he to exist began
From my conjunction with a mortal man.

But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
To a superior race of men gives birth ;
Producing heroes of th' æthèral kind,
And next resembling gods in form and mind.

From thence great Jove to azure skies convey'd,
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where, by th' immortals honor'd, (strange to see !)
The youth enjoys a bless'd eternity.

In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the king, his fire, his absence mourn,
Doubtful, by whom, or where the boy was borne :

'Till Jove at length in pity of his grief,
Dispatch'd † Argicides to his relief ;
And more with gifts to pacify his mind,
He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
Whose feet outstrip'd in speed the rapid wind.

Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state,
Where, all his hours are past in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor death destroy.
Now, when this embassy the king receives ;
No more for absent Ganymede he grieves ;
The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.

But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made
Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,

Z 2

† The Slayer of Argus, Mercury so called ; from
having slain Argus.

(Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
 Resembling gods in face and form divine)
 For him she straight the thunderer address'd,
 That with perpetual life he might be bless'd :
 Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request :
 But ah ! how rash was she, how indiscreet !
 The most material blessing to omit ;
 Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
 That length of days might be with strength supply'd ;
 And to her lover endless life engage,
 And endless youth, incapable of age.
 But hear what fate befel this heav'nly fair.
 In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of air,
 Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
 Is by Aurora with delight caress'd ;
 Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,
 Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost tides.

But, when she saw grey hairs begin to spread,
 Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
 The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
 His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew ;
 Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
 And food ambrosial, and rich cloaths bestow'd :
 But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
 And ev'ry nerve was shrunk, and limb was lame,
 Lock'd in a room her useless spouse she left,
 Of youth, of vigor, and of voice bereft. §
 On terms like these, I never can desire
 Thou should'st to immortality aspire.

§ Tithonus was feign'd at length, to have been turn'd in-
 to a Grasshopper.

Could' st thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
 Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain.
 Could' st thou for ever thus my husband prove,
 I might live happy in thy endless love ;
 Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,
 When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay.
 But thou, alas ! too soon and sure must bend
 Beneath the woes, which painful age attend ;
 Inexorable age ! whose wretched state
 All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.

Now, know, I also must my portion share,
 And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear ;
 For I, who heretofore in chains of love
 Could captivate the minds of gods above,
 And force 'em, by my all-subduing charms,
 To fight and languish in a woman's arms.
 Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
 Nor tax with weakness the celestial host ;
 Since I, myself, this dear amends have made,
 And am at last by my own arts betray'd.

Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
 This hour, by thee, I have a son conceiv'd ;
 Whom, hid beneath my zone, I must conceal,
 'Till time his being and my shame reveal.

Him shall the nymphs who these fair woods adorn
 In their deep bosoms nurse, as soon as born :
 They nor of mortal nor immortal seed
 Are said to spring, yet on Ambrosia feed
 And § long they live ; and oft in chorus join
 With Gods and Goddesses in dance divine.

§ Of Wood-Nymphs there were the Dryades and the

These the † Sileni court ; these Hermes loves,
And their embraces seeks in shady groves.

Hamadryades ; the Dryades presided over Woods and Groves ; the Hamadryades each over her particular Tree. None of them were accounted Immortal, but extremely long-liv'd. Ausonius, from Hesiod, computes the complete Life of a Man at 96 Years ; a Crow, he says, lives nine times as long ; a Deer four times as long as a Crow ; a Raven three times as long as a Deer ; the Phœnix ten times as long as the Raven ; and these Hamadryades live ten times as long as a Phœnix. But the most receiv'd Opinion was, that they liv'd just as long as their Trees. Therefore this from Ausonius seems rather to relate to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole Wood ; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently call'd Dryades and Hamadryades, by the ancient Poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their Trees. The Scholiast, mentioning these Nymphs upon a passage in Apollon. Argonaut. l. 2. relates the following story, cited from Charon Lampfacenus. A young Man call'd Recus observing a fair Oak almost fallen to the Earth, order'd it to be supported, and took such effectual care that he re-establish'd it again to flourish in its place. The Nymph of the Tree appear'd to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleas'd. The Youth readily demanded of her the last favor, which she as readily promis'd ; and according to agreement sent a Bee to summon him at the time when he might be happy : But the young Man, happening to be gaming at Dice when the Bee came, was so offended with its buzzing that he gave it ill words, and chid it from him : This reception of her Ambassador so enrag'd the Nymph, that in revenge she render'd him impotent. This Story is also cited in part by Nat. Com. See Ovid. Metam. l. 8. of the fate of Erichthon, for cutting down one of these animated Trees.

† The Satyrs, when they were in Years, were called Sileni, as Pausanias reports in Attic. p. 41.

Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce
 From common parent earth's prolific juice :
 With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
 Or ample spreading oaks at once they grow ;
 All have their trees allotted to their care,
 Whose growth, duration and decrease they share.
 But holy are these groves by mortals held,
 And therefore by the axe are never fell'd :
 But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
 It first appears to droop, and then grows dry ;
 The bark to crack and perish next is seen,
 And last the boughs it sheds, no longer green :
 And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
 And live and die coæval with their trees.

These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,
 Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son :
 And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes glow,
 To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.

More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,
 I will again to visit thee descend,
 Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight,
 Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight ;
 Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
 And will that with him thou to Troy repair :
 There, if inquiry shall be made, to know
 To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe ;
 Be sure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
 But ready answer make as I direct.
 Say of a sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
 And Calycopis call his mother's name ;
 For should'st thou boast the truth, and madly own,
 That thou in bliss hadst Cythera known,

356 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
Now all is told thee, and just caution giv'n,
Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n.

She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,
Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.

All hail, bright Cyprian queen! thee first I praise;
Then, to some other pow'r transfer my lays.

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